HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of *nearly Seventy Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

THE HAUNTS OF FASHION.

THIS is the Carnival of Fashion, when it puts on its gayest face, and prepares to deck itself in its most brilliant colors. Great preparations are made for the occasion. All Paris, Lyons, and London having been ransacked for the richest stuffs, the newest patterns, and the brightest colors, these are displayed on this opening of the Fall Season at all the haunts where our fashionables are in the habit of resorting. Dry-goods shops roll out their velvets, silks, and satins, and millinery establishments show their most attractive finery. It is during this week, when *the* world is supposed to have come back to the city, that shopmen and milliners send out their polite missives to the houses of all those who are supposed to have money and the disposition to spend it, informing the ladies that Messrs. Calico and Co., or Madame La Mode, have opened their new goods for the season, and inviting inspection. This is irresistible, and if desire only prompts some, curiosity impels all to accept the invitation. Accordingly there is hardly a lady who does not come out on the occasion, and make a round of visits to certain well-known stores and millineries.

Hats are the absorbing interest of the week, and uneasy will sleep that fashionable head that can not deck itself with the glories of the latest mode on the coming Sunday. We do not pretend that there is any necessary connection between Religion and Fashion; but we will venture to say that, if there should be any recreancy on the part of female church-goers on that day, it may be fairly put down to the account of unpunctual millinery. If the new hat don't come home on Saturday, we know of more than one devout worshiper of Fashion who will lose necessarily the opportunity of displaying her devotion at church the day after.

The new hat must be had, and there is no want of opportunities to secure the desired object. There is all Broadway hanging with its tempting baits, but it is not at these that the golden fish of fashion deign to rise. They are only to be caught in certain quiet and retired places, where the knowing ones throw out their irresistible lures. A fashionable woman in search of a new hat drives, of course, the round of all the stylish establishments, but finally alights at a respectable-looking and apparently private house in Waverley Place. She rings the bell, and being received by half a dozen coquettish-looking French mademoiselles, presiding over their various departments, is ushered at once into the inner sanctum of Fashion, where Madame herself does the honors of her establishment. Our fashionable lady has passed contemptuously by the ranges of hats—pretty enough, but not sufficiently expensive—in the outer rooms, and keeps her admiration in reserve for the choice specimens which their weight in gold would hardly pay for, kept carefully concealed within from all vulgar eyes. Here, after repeated trials and nice adjustments before the mirror, and by the aid of a hand-glass, and the most emphatic assertion of Madame that our fashionable dame has got the hat that suits her exactly, and which, of course, is the only one of the kind in New York, the purchase is made. She has a costly hat, and one manufactured by the most fashionable milliner, and she is, of course, content. What it is we could not describe, and if we did, we probably would not be understood. It may be a straw, white, brown, or gray, with velvet, lace, and ribbons; or a rice-straw or leghorn, with feather, or a tulle bouillonné, or a crape, with silk—for all these are said by the oracles of fashion to be in vogue this autumn. You may rest assured, whatever it is, that it will cost thirty dollars, at least. When a milliner once gets a run of fashionable customers, her fortune is made: and trade can show no more remarkable cases of success than in this department. Several have already retired in succession with handsome independences, acquired in the same establishment.

The dry-goods stores, too, have their special days, although one would think, from the constant brilliancy of the shop-windows in Broadway, that there was a perpetuity of the opening season. There is always, however, at this time something "just arrived," supposed to be particularly new and attractive, to entice the butterflies of Fashion, and they may be seen just now fluttering in excited eagerness wherever a gay ribbon or flashing silken surface is spread to catch the eye. It is a glorious time for the dry-goods man, when each woman, what with the extended circumference of the hoop and the increased multiplication of flounces, wants as many yards for her dress as in old times would cover the nakedness of a whole family. We hear of no diminution in this respect, and notwithstanding the contraction in Wall Street, there is continued expansion in Broadway. The tarlatanes, the grenadines, the stamped velvets, or the moire antiques having been bought, they are of course to be made up according to the latest Parisian mode, and here it is:

> "Skirts of dresses are ornamented either with flounces or quilles. Double skirts are still in great favor, and are generally seen in plain or very small checked poplins. These dresses are completed by long, tight-fitting casaque, which forms a third skirt, each being bound with black velvet.
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> "Chinées dresses and robes à disposition, with fringe on the flounces woven in the material, are very pretty. The body is made pointed in front, and a Montespan basque behind, or rounded with a sash, the long, wide ends being trimmed with pinked ruches. When the skirt is ornamented with quilles, the body should be a basque, closed in front by Louis XIII. bows. Tarlatanes and silk grenadines are worn in full dress. The bodies of walking dresses are all made high. The sleeves of thin dresses are made in different forms. That called the Venetienne is cut open, and hangs long at the back of the arm. Another is composed of a large puff, forming a short sleeve, from which hangs a deep frill caught up at the front of the elbow. The form of the burnous remains unaltered. We have seen some, intended to be worn in the country, made in plain material—brown or iron gray, trimmed round with a broad, crossway band of bright-colored plaid, some with a plaid border and plaid ground, and others of a light color, braided in two contrasting colors.
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> "The fichu is growing in favor daily. At one time we see the fichu Marie Antoinette, of black lace or richly embroidered muslin, trimmed with lace and ribbon to match the color or trimmings of the dress; or the fichu Paysanne, or guipure, or embroidered organdi, in large, flat plaits, drawn down on the shoulders and the middle of the back to form a low body. The fichu crosses in front, and is fastened with a large gold or silver pin; the ends fall on each side over the band. The fichu Lamballe, the prettiest among them, made of embroidered muslin, trimmed with narrow lace, crossed at the chest, finishing in long ends tied behind like a sash; or that novelty, full of grace and elegance, the little fichu Naomi; and for a more severe style, the fichu Maintenon, which discovers much less of the chest, hiding nearly the whole of the body, which it enriches by the profusion of its elegant trimming.
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> "Nor must we forget to mention the pélerine-berthe, with a seam on the shoulder to make it fit tightly to the figure. The body of the pélerine reaches half-way down the bust; it is cut square, and the same length behind and before, trimmed round with an insertion, which serves as a heading to a double frill which reaches to the waist. This pélerine buttons up to the throat, and is finished with a ruche. Lace is worn in profusion; it is used for trimmings of all kinds of lingerie. It is employed as flounces in bridal full dress; then in violettes, black or white (the latter are increasing in favor). With it the most charming mantles are made."

We must trust to the sharp eye and quick intelligence of Fashion to comprehend what we have quoted. All we pretend to know is that it comes from the best authorities, and when our fashionable readers are persuaded that it is so, we do not fear but that they will succeed in fathoming all its mysteries.

SONG ABOUT NOTHING.

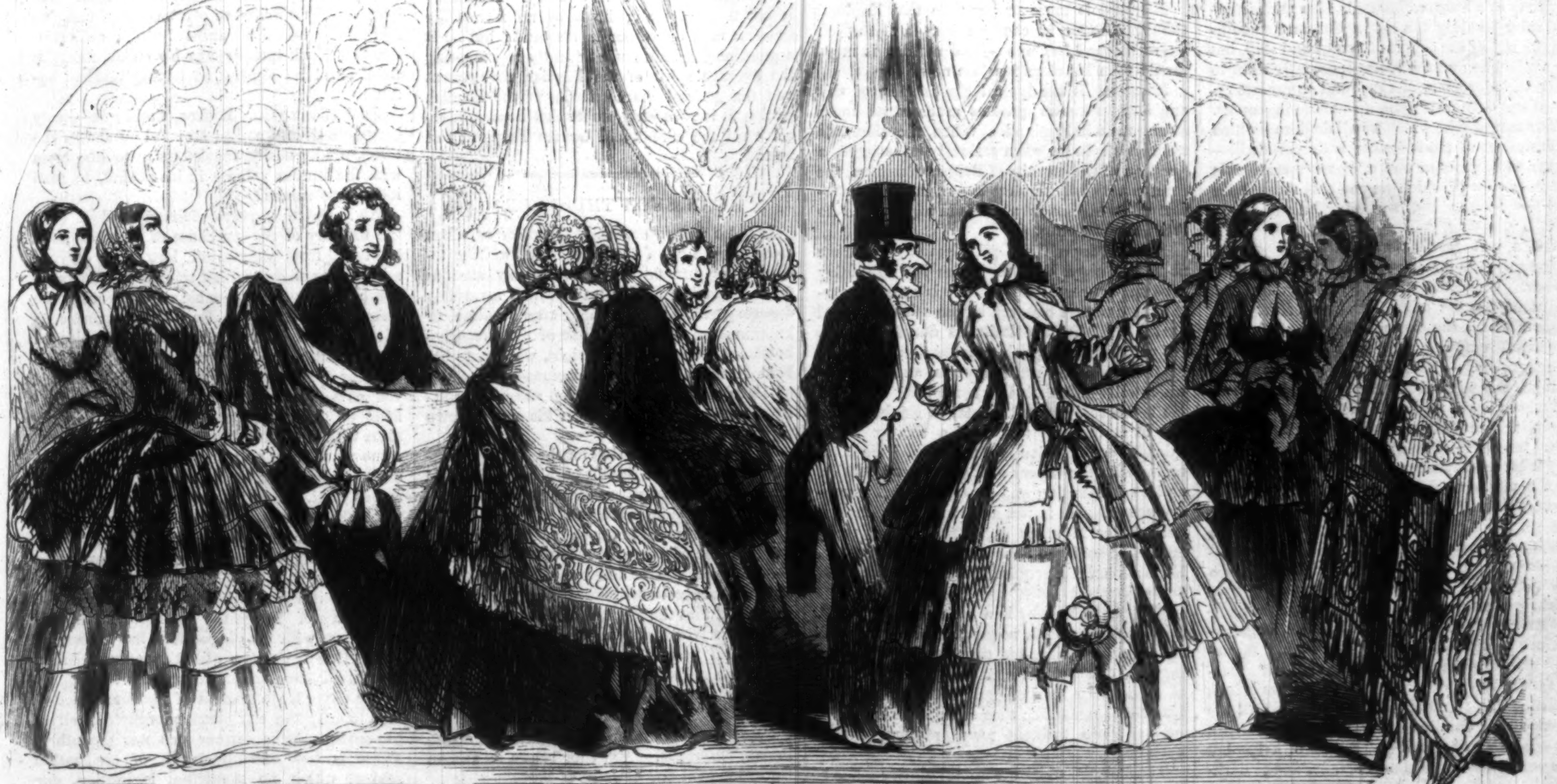
I'm thinking just now of Nothing,
  For there's Nothing in all I see;
And I am well pleased with Nothing,
  And the world is Nothing to me.
So I sing the praise of Nothing,
  For Nothing is perfect and true;
And I'm madly in love with Nothing,
  Though that is Nothing to you.

I began my life with Nothing,
  And Nothing on Nothing lives;
For the world is good for Nothing,
  And Nothing for Nothing gives.
Moreover, I sprang from Nothing,
  And Nothing has sprung from me;
And my Muse is fond of Nothing,
  And Nothing her theme shall be.

At home they taught me Nothing,
  And Nothing I learned at school;
And I began to work at Nothing,
  And Nothing made me a fool.
So I have a taste for Nothing,
  For Nothing I ever would choose;
And all I am worth is Nothing,
  And Nothing I have to lose.

Hence I place my faith in Nothing,
  For Nothing will long endure;
And I've learned to count upon Nothing,
  For Nothing, you know, is sure.
And I keep on singing of Nothing,
  Because Nothing is on my mind;
And the world it tends to Nothing,
  And Nothing is in the wind.

Thus I've clung through life to Nothing,
  And in Nothing put my trust;
For the world amounts to Nothing,
  And Nothing is more than dust.
All I know is, I know Nothing,
  And Nothing ever shall be;
And that all things end in Nothing,
  Though that is Nothing to me.



A HAUNT OF FASHION.

LOSS OF THE "CENTRAL AMERICA."

I.

Many a league, many a league,
Many a league onward,
All in the fated ship
Sailed the Five Hundred!
"Home! Home!" was the joyful cry;
No threatening danger nigh,
No cloud to dim the sky,
"Home! Home!" was the joyful cry,
As in the fated ship
Sailed the Five Hundred.

II.

Home! Home! through the welkin rung,
"Home, Home, sweet Home!" was sung
By all that happy throng,
From home long sundered;
Theirs not to doubt or fear,
Theirs but to sing and hear,
As the ship sped onward,
Of friends and kindred near,
Wife, child, and sweet-heart dear,
That glad Five Hundred.

III.

No storm-cloud to right of them,
No storm-cloud to left of them,
No storm-cloud in front of them
Threatened and thundered;
Fearing nor storm nor swell,
Bravely they sped and well,
While each had his tale to tell,
As all on board wondered,
Of mother, and Katy, and Nell,
And the babe they all loved so well,
Happy Five Hundred!

IV.

Hope glistened in every eye,
Home, Home was drawing nigh,
And all hearts beat quick and high,
When lo! the treacherous sky
(Oh, what ties were sundered!)
Her fatal bolts let slip
At that brave and gallant ship,
As she hurried onward
On her joyous home-bound trip,
With the glad Five Hundred!

V.

Black clouds to right of them,
Black clouds to left of them,
Black clouds in front of them
Now volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at by sea and sky,
Grim death stood waiting by
That sad Five Hundred;
And mid the fearful cry,
"Great God! with home so nigh,
Thou wilt not let us die!"
The brave ship foundered.

VI.

Oh pray for the homeward-bound!
Long, long will the tale go round,
By sad hearts pondered,
How their last, last home they found
(Pray God all heavenward-bound!),
That doomed Five Hundred.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 26, 1857.

THE "CENTRAL AMERICA."

ANOTHER wreck, another cry of horror, another long suspense of doubt and sad uncertainty in a hundred homes! Man prides himself upon leveling the mountains and smoothing the sea by the might of genius and skill, but the avalanche and the storm constantly recur to assert the supremacy of elemental power—to revenge and defy, as it were, all human ingenuity.

The catastrophe which we all deplore—which in the midst of panic strikes a deeper thrill—seems to have been one of those unavoidable events in view of which we can only sympathize and bow in humility, confessing human weakness, and saying, "Thy will be done!"

On a soft September morning, a stanch, sound ship—so far as appears—sails out of the harbor. One fancies the fond farewells, the bright hopes, the blithe promises of the hundreds of hearts she carries—the same freight of checkered emotion that sails in every ship. The next day — it is Wednesday — the skies change, the wind freshens; the bold smile as the waves begin to dance, the timid remember that it is September, and that the sea is remorseless. The wind rises into a gale, and on Thursday it blows a hurricane. On Friday morning, at the mercy of the raging tempest, the ship springs a leak. The multitude of passengers, not yet dismayed, knowing that they are in the track of all coasting-vessels and that somewhere not far away, although unseen, there must be some friendly sail, fall cheerfully to work, pumping out the ship. They gain upon the water; the fires, which had been extinguished, are relighted; their hopes revive. Saturday morning brings no friendly sail, but greater fury of the storm. As the day wanes it lulls a little; the friendly sail appears, and all the women and children are safely put on board. At sunset another sail—a promise of help—but the sea drifts it away, and it fades in the darkness. With that sail fades hope from the doomed company. Life-preservers are supplied to all. A great sea breaks over the ship; rockets are thrown into that pitiless gloom; another wave, vast and terrible, dashes upon the vessel, and drags it, in a moment, under, and forever.

The storm is by this time over; and four or five hundred human beings are left floating on the heaving ocean, two hundred miles from land. Yet they are in the Gulf-stream; the water is warm; the cork is sure; the sea is settling; there is yet hope. Little is said, but those hapless people cheer and encourage each other. Gradually one disappears, and another; the waves drift them apart; they sink in silence, but not away from each other's sympathy, or from the eye and pity of God, to whom, in that last dread moment they commend their spirits.

It is the record of experience that most men at last die bravely. The inevitability of death strengthens the heart to meet it. Physicians and clergymen assure us that they never respect men more than in their last hours. We may believe, therefore, that that great company were calm and resigned. Through the gloom of the tempest shone the light that illuminates the heavenly gate; through the wild clamor of the elements was heard the still small voice.

There seems to have been no selfishness, no mad panic of terror. The women and children were safely sent away; whatever could be done was resolutely and cheerfully done, and when all means were exhausted, the passengers girded themselves with the life-preservers, which, in this instance, appear to have been of more service than we recall in any similar event.

That the ship was sea-worthy does not seem to be seriously disputed; and there can be no doubt that no ships which leave this port ought to be so strong in themselves and so fully provided with every means of safety as the steamers which sail weekly with thousands of passengers along our dangerous and stormy coast.

Each life that was lost with the *Central America* carries bitter sorrow to many private homes; but the death of her commander, Lieutenant Herndon, is a public loss. He was a gentleman, a scholar, an accomplished officer, an honorable man. He had written his name in our history by his heroic exploration of the Amazon in the years 1851–'52, of which we gave an extended illustrated account in *Harper's Weekly* of September 5th. He served with distinction also during the Mexican war, and was engaged for three years with his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Maury, in the National Observatory at Washington.

So faithful and loyal was his character that, when the loss of the steamer was reported to his wife, with an expression of hope that he was saved, she, who had the best right to know him best, replied, "No; if any one is lost he is lost, for he would save every one before he could think of himself!" and one of the saved passengers declares, "I believe there was not a man left on board the ship but would have given his life if it could have saved the captain."

Such a man does not die too soon for himself, but only for those who love him. The thought of his fidelity cheers even the gloom of that disaster. It is not hard to believe that in those dark hours his calmness made those doomed ones calm; that he died as all heroes die, doing his duty; and that death came to him, as it comes to all Christian gentlemen, conquered, and not a conqueror.

LORD MACAULAY.

Nothing is more proper than that England should make Mr. Macaulay a peer—a fact which we mentioned last week—and nothing is more timely than his elevation just now.

Macaulay is the typical Englishman of this era, and he knows quite as much about India as any man in England. When, therefore, the troubles in India seem seriously to suggest a question of the eternity of British dominion, the country naturally turns to honor, in what is considered its highest way, a man in whom it has the greatest confidence.

As a matter of fact Lord Macaulay will have nothing, except his title, which Mr. Macaulay does not at present enjoy. He is a man of ample fortune, and honored by the selectest social circles. His fame culminates during his life. He writes essays which are considered models by the critics he most respects, and a history which sells and reads like a masterly romance. He is the best general scholar in England, and the most brilliant talker in a society where splendid conversation is a tradition. He is familiar with the theory and practice of politics, and a commanding and persuasive parliamentary orator. He is not an old man, but he has done better in many departments than many men have achieved fame for doing well in one. He is a marvel of acquirement, accomplishment, and ability.

But his philosophy is a material philosophy. His mind has no lift, no glow. His literary effects are surprising, but they are the astonishing feats of the rhetorician, not the fiery touches of a poet or a man of genius. The secret of his skill is much like that of Edward Everett's, and the two eminent men greatly resemble each other.

The material which his heroic industry collects, his good-sense winnows, his judgment compares, and his rhetorical ingenuity finally weaves into the most continuous and pleasing narrative. In Everett's orations and in Macaulay's essays you find no crack, no seam. The parts are so perfectly welded together, that you exclaim with delight over the consummate art; you ask with admiration, "How did he do it?" You do not particularly feel that any thing is done. For great and controlling thoughts—for the proverbs and sentences which become household words because they mould truth and wisdom in a symmetrical phrase—for the electric flashes that kindle and feed the flame of generous hope in young and ardent minds, you look elsewhere than in this polished perfection. We do not quote Macaulay except for historical description, as we do not quote the silver sentences of our great orator—which are precious in the utterance, not in the thought.

This is the intellectual character which the English reverence as want of extravagance, and they like nothing so much. In obedience to its behests eloquence has become a tradition in the Parliament of England: the literary criticism of our cousins is always carping at us for our "hifalutin" style; and in the social sphere at home it gives the stuttering tongue and the stumbling foot to the best-bred gentlemen. The English genius abhors "a scene," votes warmth affectation, and continually justifies its national name of John Bull, and its national dish of roast-beef. Now the habit of Macaulay's mind is just this moderate conservatism. He is a reasonable Whig, and the English Government is always reasonably Whiggish—always yielding, slowly but surely, to the popular demand.

Undoubtedly this present time is selected because the Government wishes specially to avail itself of his experience in India, where Macaulay resided for some time, and in a prominent official position.

His political history began in 1832, when he was made Commissioner of Bankrupts, and was returned for Colne to the Reform Parliament. In 1834 he was Secretary for the India Board, and was elected for Leeds. During the same year he was appointed a member of the Supreme Council in Calcutta, where he arrived in September. The Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, made him President of the Commission of five, to frame a penal code for India, of which the principal provisions were supposed to be drawn by him. This code was not altogether agreeable to the English in India, for it gave both natives and foreigners an equal right of appeal to the highest provincial courts. This was a step in the true Indian policy. In 1838 Macaulay returned to England, and was elected for Edinburgh the next year. He was also appointed Secretary at War, and re-elected in 1841. He was afterward returned again, but finally withdrew from public life to devote himself to his History. Upon that work the public of two worlds has pronounced. Four volumes have been published, and two more are soon expected. In the commencement he stated his intention of bringing it down to a period "within the memory of men yet living;" but it is now understood that it will end with the reign of Queen Anne.

The History is really the work of his life, for all his essays are but episodes in the great story of England. His papers upon Bacon, Milton, Warren Hastings, Horace Walpole, Addison, Lord Byron, Miss Burney, Dr. Johnson, and the dramatists, are only more elaborate portraits of men who were influences and illustrations in the history of his country. Macaulay is not a great man; he is by no means the greatest man or author in England; but he is a genuine Englishman, and, fully representing the average spirit of the English government and the general characteristics of the English genius, it is peculiarly proper that he should receive all the ceremonial honors England can bestow.

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

It is no uncommon sight for all of us, when crossing on one of the ferry-boats, waiting tediously at our metropolitan railway stations for the starting of the train, which invariably departs *precisely* half an hour after its time, or lounging on the steps of one of our first-class hotels, it is no uncommon sight, we say, to behold in these places a precocious-looking boy of an unwholesome complexion sneaking guiltily about, and carrying under his arm a brown paper parcel.

If, perhaps speculating on the air of premature vice written so legibly on his features, you let your eyes rest upon him for an instant, he will presently sidle up to you, and, opening his brown paper parcel, give you a glimpse into the pages of one of a number of pamphlets inside, whereby you are gratified with the sight of a staring, flaring immodest picture. Then, as if assured that the sight of so splendid a specimen of lascivious art must have inevitably conquered all your moral principles, he smiles a loathsome and wicked smile, and asks in a whisper if you would not like to purchase "something nice."

Something nice! something loathsome, abominable, poisonous. Food for beasts in human form, the offal and garbage of literature!

In the face of laws which exist, rendering the sale of such things criminal, the vending of these publications goes on the same as ever. The other day, after months of lazy watching, the police made a descent on the person of a man named Akarman, the proprietor of a notorious paper which has been for some time covertly vended in this city. The sheet was issued from no particular office, but the subscriptions of the initiated were forwarded to a certain box in the General Post-office, the publication in question being sent in return. On the subscription-lists of this man Akarman, which have since been discovered in his official stye, may be found scores of respectable names, men, women, and youths of both sexes. This villain, who sowed wholesale poison through the land, and for whom Sing Sing would have been too mild a punishment, was *fined fifty dollars, and let go!*

Fifty dollars, the price of perhaps fifty thousand human souls that this demon aided in corrupting! Since then the voice of the press has incited more activity on the part of the authorities, and this fellow's establishment has been more thoroughly broken up. But, we say that the police are to be blamed for not having done all this sooner. Akarman has been doing a business amounting to nearly $20,000 on his filthy trade. It is absurd to suppose that the police could not have—had they been so minded—discovered both editor and publisher long since. When Snooks ran away to Algiers with three hundred thousand dollars, and his victims offered Captain Beagle, the detective officer, ten thousand dollars to catch him, Snooks was forthcoming within five months. But there is no reward offered for the apprehension of publishers of immodest papers, who rob the public of a virtue which is dearer than dollars, and so they go unscathed.

People will be startled when we tell them, as a positive and reliable fact, that to our certain knowledge this beastly journal, which for undisguised indecency transcends Piron, and equals the Marquis de Sade, has absolutely been found circulating in a respectable female boarding-school in this city!

Young Hopeful comes up from the country to spend a week or so of his school-vacation in seeing the city sights. His father gives him a note to the proprietor of the Bunkum House, recommending the boy to his care, his mother gives him all sorts of well-meant womanly counsels, and Aunt Dorothy puts a little purse in his hand, with fifty dollars in it for spending-money. So young Hopeful departs for New York with a light heart.

It is good to see that fresh blooming face of his as he stands on the steps of the Bunkum House smoking a cigar and trying to look as if he was used to it. He brings the pure breath of the country with him into the hot, gasping town. He has clear, honest eyes, and those red lips of his seem as if they had not yet forgotten how to pray.

While he stands there, thinking perhaps of the splendors of Niblo and the wonders of Barnum, up sneaks one of those vicious young wretches we spoke of some paragraphs back, with his inevitable brown paper parcel, and cautiously unfolds its obscene mysteries to Hopeful. At first an honest blush rises to his cheek. He has not yet quite forgotten his dear mother's counsels, nor the quiet Sunday evenings when the Bible was read aloud to the contented country household. Young Satan persists in his temptation, and Hopeful hesitates. The painted poison is spread alluringly before him. He is sneeringly solicited to purchase, and made to feel that it would be unmanly to be ashamed. Another blush spreads over his cheek, and this time, alas! he blushes for having blushed before!

Hesitation again. Broken, timid talk—hasty bargaining—and at last Hopeful purchases the thing, and guiltily sneaks away to his room with the leprous volume in his pocket, to read it—and be ruined!

Ah! Hopeful, years afterward, when even the memory of the purchase of that bad book has faded from your mind, how many of your misfortunes might you not trace to that error of youth, if you were capable of connecting the links of your bad life! Pure in heart and constitution then, it was the first drop that poisoned the current of your future.

Blear-eyed, unwholesome, and debased, are you as you now stand at the age when manhood declines — are you indeed one and the same with that frank, honest young Hopeful who came up to town to learn life? It was pleasant to be near you then, you were so handsome and so good. Now people turn their eyes away when they meet you, mothers draw their children closer to them as you pass. Men shudder at the blasphemies and obscene words that trickle from your lips. You don't know it, perhaps, but it was that bad book that made you what you are. It was the floating atom that infected you with the plague that has consumed you. Down, we say, with this corrupt union of debased literature and debased art!

We pay a large amount of taxes to a set of men to keep the city clean, morally as well as physically. It is neither one nor the other. There is one unhappy result of civilization against which no municipal legislation can guard, and perforce we are obliged to behold our streets at night thronged with those wretched women who play so melancholy a *rôle* in the unlawful pleasures of men. Some legislators, with the best intentions in the world toward the abolition of this unfortunate class, fear at the same time that such a result is the inevitable necessity of the present constitution of society. Be that as it may, it is not the question with which we have to deal. No legislator can say that the sale of immoral books is a necessary evil! It panders to the gratification of morbid, not of natural passions. It is more really destructive to civic morals than even the deplorable institution to which we have just now dimly alluded. Why, therefore, is this traffic permitted in open day? If a man were to parade Broadway in a state of nudity, he would not have taken ten paces before he would be arrested and punished. Would such a proceeding, however indecent it may appear, be at bottom one thousandth part as subversive of public virtue as the vending all over the town of shameless productions by the thousand—productions that are flaunted every hour under the very noses of the guardians of purity, morality, and virtue, with the most perfect impunity?

We do not fear the contamination of grown, intelligent people. Their own sense would revolt before the coarseness of these publications; but we fear for those in whom the warm imagination of youth is rife, and whose reason is not unfrequently led blindfold by ill-regulated passions. For the sake of the youth of this country—that youth by the help of which we hope to become one of the greatest of nations—we trust that the proper authorities will proceed as they have so tardily commenced, and extirpate this nuisance from the land.

CHAT.

ART IMPORTATIONS.

THAT is a very apocryphal story told in this wise by the London *Quarterly Review*: "You have spoken to me of your father's gallery at New York," said an English artist to an American traveler. "Of what masters, may I ask, has he specimens?" "My father's gallery," was the reply, "consists almost entirely of Raphaels and Leonardos, but he has a few Correggios!" We don't believe the story. Our New York travelers, boastful as they may be, are not in the habit of talking vauntingly of their picture-galleries, for they do not have them to talk about. An American has, it is true, his vanities to indulge in, but they have never yet taken an artistic direction. He will descant with no modest spirit upon the glories of his great country generally, and particularly, perhaps, of his own personal wealth. He will not be backward, we know, in asserting his belief that his own house in Fifth Avenue cost more, looks grander, and contains more gilt, rosewood, and tapestry, than the finest private mansion he sees abroad. He, however, has not yet begun to boast of his pictures, although no doubt he has firmly made up his mind, and freely acknowledges it, that his country is pre-eminent in sculpture. It would be hard to persuade him, perhaps, that any living sculptor equals in genius or skill his countrymen Powers and Crawford; and he probably thinks the prettiness of conception and the mechanical finish of the Greek Slave a grander result of art than the sublime beauty of the Venus of Milo. The American so far, perhaps, occasionally indulges in art-boastings. He, however, has not yet begun to talk of his pictures, for he has them not, and hitherto has hardly cared to possess them.

There is no reason, however, why our rich men—many of whom can compete in wealth with the richest in Europe—should not also be competitors with them in the purchase of works of art, as of other luxuries. Our American millionaires are prodigal enough in expenditure; and we have no doubt, as they seem to be improving in taste, that before long they will be enabled to talk boastingly of their "Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff," and genuine stuff too. The English nobleman and man of wealth cling, we know, very tenaciously to their galleries of art; but even the grasp of English pride of possession is occasionally forced open by the pressure of misfortune. When a Duke of Buckingham becomes a bankrupt, and a descendant of Walpole a prodigal—when the art glories of the palace of Stowe, and the nick-nackeries of Strawberry Hill are brought under the hammer, we can see no reason why a picture or a vase—a Raphael or a Cellini—should not be knocked down to an American as well as any other bidder. Our countrymen have the money, and they are beginning to have the impelling connoisseurship to spend it in works of art; so that we hope ere long to be able to talk about our galleries without ruffling the dull and placid countenance of the English reviewer with an invidious sneer.

The return of Mr. Wright, a wealthy cotton-broker, living at Hoboken, by the *Persia*, last week, bringing with him Rosa Bonheur's famous picture of the Horse Fair, proves that our men of wealth can appreciate, among other advantages of travel, the privilege it gives of tasteful indulgence in the luxury of art. All Europe has concurred in the praise of the picture; and it was only by the luckiest anticipation of hundreds of other competitors that Mr. Wright got possession of it. The story runs that this gentleman had the good luck to have arrived first on the morning of its exhibition in London, and at once offered 1200 guineas for it. This was immediately accepted, and our countryman secured the bargain by paying down, the next day, 600 guineas of the purchase-money. The privilege of exhibiting the picture for two years was retained by the proprietor. This will expire in January next; and accordingly, in the mean time, we shall be able to see this famous work of art in New York, where it will be exposed to view for the benefit of its former possessor. Mr. Wright, by his rapid and anticipative American enterprise, has secured a great bargain—and how great a one may be judged from the fact that Rosa Bonheur has received since a larger sum for a smaller copy of the same picture, and that twice twelve hundred guineas have been offered for the original painting, now in the possession of our countryman.

The *Persia* has brought, in addition to Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, the first installment of pictures for the Exhibition of English Artists, soon to be opened in New York, consisting of the works of Harding, Hunt, and of some of the master-pieces of the Pre-Raphaelite school. We are to have also a French Exhibition; and among the passengers by the *Persia* there is a gentleman connected with this enterprise who has brought with him some specimens of the modern French school. He promises us a large accession on the close of the present Exposition at Paris, and among other *chefs-d'œuvres* the portrait of Rosa Bonheur, who is represented leaning upon a bull—the bull being painted by herself, and the figure of the artist by Dubufe, we believe. With this promise of good things this autumn and winter, we shall not want for opportunities of cultivating the better interests of taste instead of the usual vanities of our fashionable city life.

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

DEAR EDITOR,—After a lengthened absence from the city, I return home to be overpowered by business, more varied and complicated in its nature than you can fancy; yet I am compelled to defer every thing, no matter how important—from hunting up a new bonnet to making brandy peaches—in order to speak to you. All has to be put off, while I sit down, greatly agitated, to ask you, with tears in my eyes, how you could possibly misinterpret and misrepresent my last stupid little epistle as you have done? Speaking of a very nice little woman, an interesting bride, at North Conway, *I* said "the *dear* little thing," etc., but you have perverted it into "the *lean* little thing"—a libel on the pretty creature which it is out of the question she can ever pardon!

Reflect a moment. How would *you* like to be called a "lean fellow" instead of a "dear fellow?" You will say, perhaps, that there is about as little danger of the one epithet being applied as the other; but do suppose it, for one moment, I beg, and see how you would like it!

And it happens, too, that the fair victim of the slander in question is as plump as a partridge! One could not have been more ill-natured if her gracefully-rounded bust had been all padding! Just fancy having so little justice done to one's "developments," as some gentlemen in these days delicately designate the feminine torso! Besides, it is unfair to me. I shall be arraigned, if not for defamation of character, for difformation of figure, very much the worse of the two, and I have not a line of "copy" to prove my innocence! The bride referred to is a dear little thing, and a dear little thing I called her. Be good enough, therefore, to make amends to us, and to yourself, by apologizing; and, when that is done, it would be as well to find out a compositor who can read, and to employ him.

After a long stultification in the country one's intellects become positively rusty and antiquated. I feel as if my brain were covered with moss, lichen, and other peaceful sorts of slow-growing vegetation; and my first desire on returning to civilization is, naturally, to rub off a little of this greenness. The best recipe, I believe, is a steady course of theatricals; but to attempt that, a presentable hat is indispensable.

Entre nous, I am thinking of having my last trimmed up, in order to make it "do" until I see clearly "what is to be worn." At present, "the fashions" are in a state of chaos, a hundred different designs being displayed, not one-tenth of which have a chance of adoption among us. At such times, you see, one doesn't quite know what to do. But it is wisest to avoid any thing like a hurry, so that the "Fall bonnet" may have the benefit of a calm and dispassionate selection. In the interval a dab of scarlet on an old hat, let it be given by flowers, ribbons, or velvet, not only imparts the proper autumnal effect to one's head-gear, but serves, by vivid contrast, to make the substratum thereof appear almost fresh! You did not know this, did you? It is one of our secrets. Observe, as you walk down Broadway any afternoon this month, how many of us are patronizing these "high colors," as milliners style them. Don't suppose, in your innocence, that we only do so because "it's the fashion." The true motive lies in the useful as well as charming effects they produce.

Didn't you notice Sarah Hill's bonnet at the Opera the other night? Yes you did—you said how well she looked! Well, that was nothing on earth but her summer hat, freshened up with red runners and a bunch of bright flowers at the sides. You wouldn't have believed it, would you? But so it is. Our feminine eyes understand these "dodges" at a glance.

But hat or no hat, scarlet or no scarlet, one must go immediately to see Charles Mathews—that charming compound of the gentleman, the spendthrift, and the angel. Such bright blue eyes he has, too!

The dim and gaseous caverns of the Broadway Theatre are highly favorable to an incognito, and in such a Black Hole of a dramatic temple it doesn't really matter what one looks like. I adore good acting, and idolize a good actor. How delightful it must be to be so old and to look so young! The grace of youth and the experience of years; who could resist such a combination, more especially when it is so very nicely dressed? And where, out of heaven, does he have his trowsers made? They do fit so admirably that, if I were a young man, I should never rest until I discovered whence they came.

We really are very lucky just now in our intellectual amusements. Think of the renowned Vieuxtemps, and our beloved Thalberg! As for the latter, he has much to answer for—this dear pianist!—as I have felt deeply all the summer. Let the hotel-keepers speak whose "splendid instruments" have this season been literally banged to pieces, hammered out of tone and tune by his numerous energetic disciples. Haven't I been absolutely prejudiced against "Home, sweet Home" by the pertinacity with which that simple melody has been dinned into my ears, generally with the variations all wrong, and the difficult parts slurred over and smothered beneath noisy chords? Have I not been followed over the country by "Moses in Egypt," pursued actually from house to house, from town to town, until the very name of Egypt became another plague to me?

Even in the remote fastnesses of the White Mountains, did I not, to my sorrow, encounter another "fine performer," when I was in hopes we had passed beyond them all? and did she not spend every morning in thumping out the "Prayer," for the thousandth time this season, in a style that may have been agreeable to herself and family, but could hardly be so to a room full of persons who had listened again and again to the incomparable composer himself?

Dear me! I enjoy strumming away at Thalberg's Fantasias as much as any other feeble aspirant of my sex; but is it fair, I ask, to inflict our imperfections on our innocent friends, and to put their powers of enduring hypocrisy to such severe and frequent tests? We have all been too much put upon this summer, and there is a fearful responsibility involved somewhere. If dear Thalberg would but publish his music under strict condition of its being played and practiced only in the strictest privacy, I think it would be a great relief to us all.

Then we have the Opera, with half a dozen prima donne, and the handsome Vestvali, who looks so *piquante* in her short hair and shorter skirts, literally making strides in the affections of the public. But of her another time. We have plenty to do, you see, and plenty to enjoy, now that we are returned, and our firm resolve is "to have a good time."

Yours always.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

REPOSE is essential to the enjoyment of a concert or a dinner. To taste a soup, or to listen to a symphony, it is requisite that all external distractions should be carefully guarded against. When the Duke of Berri's cook invented his celebrated sharp sauce, with which he dressed the carp of Sologne, I defy his master's guests to have appreciated that wonderful dish as they did if they had been seated on uncomfortable chairs, or if any children had been present. Vainly might the *chef* of Lucullus lavish on his table all the resources of his kitchen, if said Lucullus's sandals pinched him. I defy any man in the world to enjoy a dinner or an opera, though each, in its way, was perfect, in tight boots. The tympanum and the palate are delicate organs, easily disturbed.

Military men, who, from their being accustomed to wear scarlet or other bright-colored uniforms, seldom possess any delicacy of the palate (that organ and the eye being sympathetically related, so that the vulgarization of one involves that of the other)—military men, I say, take curious precautions against the enjoyment of a dinner. At the solemn moment when the most delicate of all the senses, Taste, should be left to the performance of its wondrous functions in silence and repose; when it is analyzing, with exquisite dexterity and profound penetration, the elemental juices of some succulent dish, which by the cunning of the artist have been blent into one exquisite neutral flavor; at this important moment the military man arranges that, from the lobby outside the dining-room, an ambuscade of drums, and clarionets, and horns, and other abominable weapons, shall open upon the luckless epicure, and riddle him with marches, waltzes, and quick-steps. Who could ever comprehend a mess-dinner under such horrible infliction? I have dined at the English artillery mess at Woolwich—reputed to be the best military table in the world—but I came away with no memory of the meal. I can not feel any gratitude for those dinners. Taste, subtle sprite, fled terrified before the awful sounds of the military band with which each morsel was accompanied. I ate, not with the intellectual gusto of man, the thinker, but with the unreasoning voracity of the brute. Replete but ungratified, many times, at the conclusion of those unwisely-ordered banquets, have I sighed with the Roman emperor, not because I had lost a day but a dinner.

To the epicure in sweet sounds the same luxurious repose is indispensable. The sense he has come to gratify should be allowed full play. The other senses should kindly remain quiescent while their comrade plies his intellectual labor. If I go to hear a good opera or a concert, it is essential that I shall not be obliged to hear it standing; that my seat shall be large, commodious, and soft; that I shall have plenty of room for the play of my limbs, and the space to dispose them in any attitude that the caprice of my body may dictate; that the temperature of the apartment shall be cool and equable; that I shall hear no persons walking about with creaking boots; that all individuals with a cough or cold in the head be carefully excluded—a competent examining physician being kept at the door for the inspection of all those who wish to enter; that no applause be permitted until the singer or the instrument shall have ceased. These are a few of the conditions which I require in an opera-house or a concert-room before I can really say that I enjoy the music. I regret to say that we have neither opera-house nor concert-room in this city that fulfills any of those conditions. Mr. Albert Smith, in a little farewell speech which he lately made in London, on closing his Mont Blanc for the season, said that he attributed much of his wonderful success to the fact that he took great pains to insure the personal comfort of every visitor. That is to say, he gave to each person a roomy and easy seat, and did not pack his audience together like sheep in a pen. Where can any body find a more drearily-uncomfortable establishment than the Fourteenth Street opera-house? The seats are small and hard, the passages narrow, the floor not sufficiently muffled, the private boxes naked and cheerless. Nothing strikes me as more melancholy than the aspect of the wretched men and women who are seated on those hard cane-bottomed chairs, with which the liberality of the management supplies the private boxes, trying to cheat themselves into the belief that they are enjoying the opera.

The principal concert-room in this city—the room in which Mr. Thalberg is now giving a series of charming concerts—is Niblo's. Now this *salle* may do well enough for a public ball-room—for which the only requisites seem to be a floor, flags, and an orchestra—but it does not present one of the conditions necessary for a concert-room. In the first place, a paralellogram is not the shape for a concert-room. It is ungraceful, and is not favorable for acoustic purposes. It is badly ventilated. The seats recall the agonizing benches of my school-boy days, when the difficulties of Virgil were heightened by the hardness of the seat I writhed upon. Nor is there any opportunity for pleasing decorations.

Why will not some man of money, enterprise, and taste erect a real concert-hall—one in which people may hear good music at their ease—a place where every noise not announced in the programme shall be guarded against—where, in the intermissions, there are other apartments besides the one in which the performance takes place, into which the visitor may lounge, and read the papers, or take refreshments, or converse at ease with his friends? I even have a vision of charming winter-gardens annexed, softly lit by colored lamps, and murmuring with the hum of fountains, where the visitor may breathe refreshing odors during the pauses of the performance, and returning to the concert in that tranquil frame of mind necessary to the enjoyment of good music.

A TALE OF THE GREAT SARATOGA TRUNK.

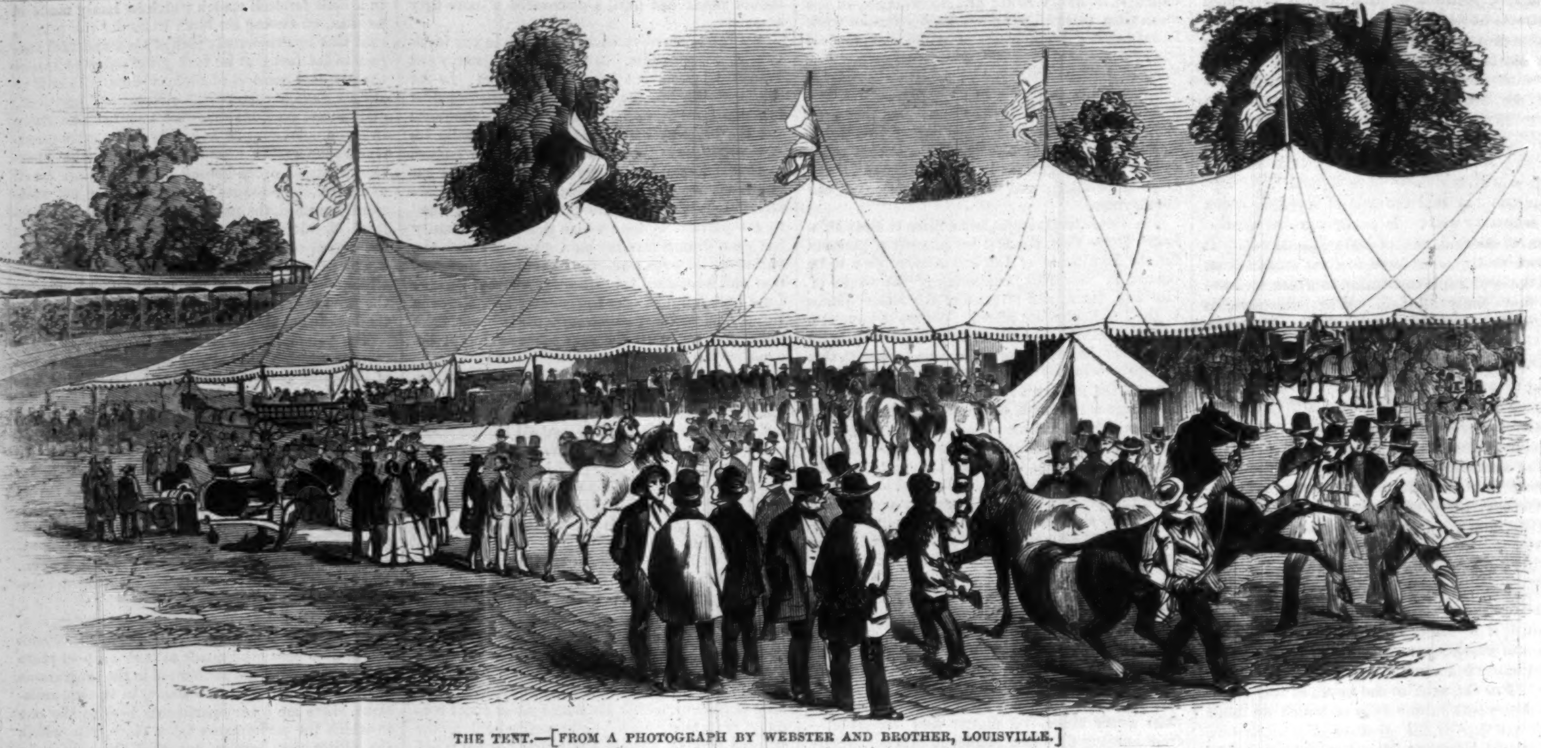
Old Anthracite has a very dear wife—so dear that she costs him on her own private account about fifteen thousand dollars a year. Mrs. Anthracite always has the latest fashion, so when the great Saratoga trunk was exhibited in Broadway, Mrs. A. instantly purchased one for her summer trip.

Every one knows that the great Saratoga trunk is an entirely exceptional trunk. It is colossal. Of Titanic proportions. Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid, might have traveled with such a trunk. The old woman with the large family who resided in a shoe, might have found ample accommodation for her entire household in the great Saratoga trunk.

Accordingly, down went Mrs. A. to the great watering-place, with her great trunk. She had not been long there, however, when old Anthracite received a private telegraph from a friend, to inform him that Mrs. A. was flirting desperately with young Belzebub, the son and heir of old Lucifer Belzebub, the great soap-boiler. Anthracite instantly takes the train, arrives at the hotel, and, inquiring the number of his wife's room, quietly walks up stairs. His wife's door is shut. Anthracite knocks. Door opens after some delay. Mrs. A. appears fluttered, which flutter increases to dismay when she sees her husband. Husband enters coolly; explains that he just came to see how she was getting on, and seats himself on the great Saratoga trunk. Drops a glove, the picking up of which enables him to look under the bed. No one there. Very odd. Mrs. A. looked as if some one *ought* to be there. Husband talks of the weather, and the pair are sitting down to a little light conversation, when old Anthracite remarks quietly,

"Mrs. A., there's a rat in your trunk."

Mrs. Anthracite turns pale through her paint. No. Husband is mistaken. The rat is in the wainscot. They are always there, those rats. Husband is sure it's in the trunk. He smells him. He will examine. Mrs. A. very anxious that he should not. He can't. The trunk is shut, and she has lost the key. Husband begs to contradict. The key was in the lock, and what was more—the lid was open. Husband, amidst the protestations of Mrs. Anthracite, half raises the lid. No crinoline, no shawls, no laces, no furbelows in the great Saratoga trunk; only young Belzebub's glossy curls and killing mustache are visible. Mrs. A. instantly faints. It is the privilege of her sex on such occasions. What does husband do? Shoot young Belzebub? Not a bit of it. He smiles grimly, and shuts the lid down again, locking the great Saratoga trunk. He rings the bell; tells the waiter to bring a gimlet. Bores a few holes in the great trunk. Orders up the porter, and goes off to New York accompanied by the great Saratoga trunk. What would the trunk not have given for a cigar in the baggage-wagon, when it smelled the tobacco-smoke that was so liberally puffed about! The trunk, although nearly suffocated, thought it best to keep quiet. Arrived in New York, old Anthracite told the people at the dépôt, loudly enough for the great Saratoga trunk to hear him, that he would leave his baggage at the office for a few days, when he would send for it. He then went off. This was more than the great Saratoga trunk could bear, so it kicked, and shouted, and made a noise, until it was broken open, and to the amazement of every body, poor Belzebub crawled out in a limp condition. He tried to tell the people that 'twas done for a bet, but somehow the truth leaked out, and I predict that next summer there will be fewer great Saratoga trunks at the Springs. I think old Anthracite had the best of it; don't you?



THE TENT.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEBSTER AND BROTHER, LOUISVILLE.]

FIFTH EXHIBITION OF THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

LOUISVILLE, *Sept.* 4, 1857.

MR. EDITOR,—I promised you some account of the Exhibition, or Fair, which has been going on here the past week. Had I known beforehand that on my arrival here I should find the hotels overflowing, private boarding-houses crammed, steamboat cabins pre-hired, restaurant floors preempted, spare lofts spread over with spare Hoosiers and sparer Suckers, the empty places generally made uncomfortably full, and the goodly city of Louisville in a condition of which the word *crowded* will give you but a kind of homeopathic, infinitesimally-subdivided idea—had I known all this, I say, I should not have promised.

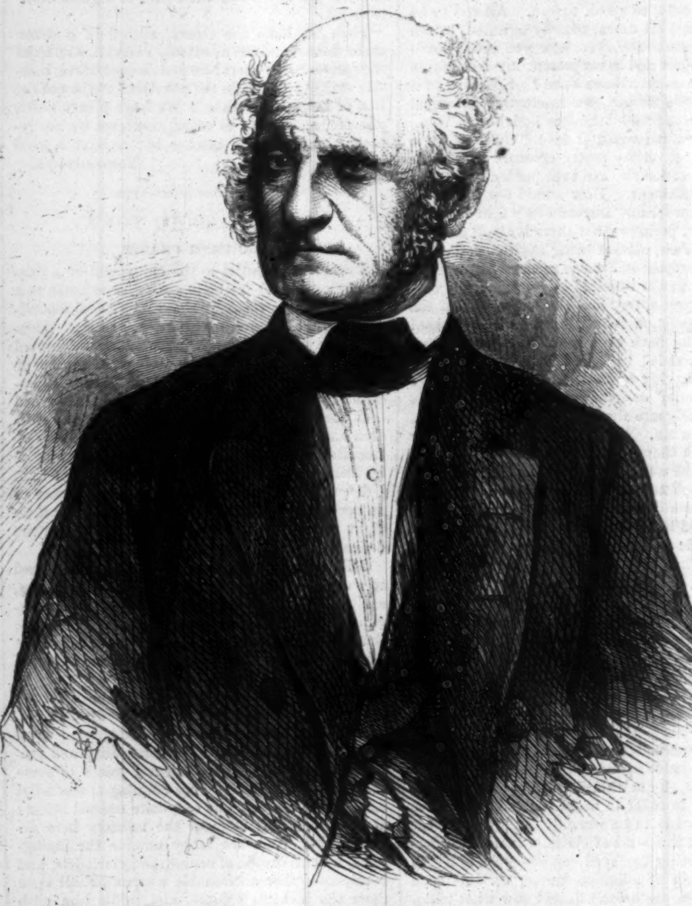
But I am a man of my word, and so, *allons*. I arrived here on the evening of the 1st inst. Proceeded immediately to the Galt House, where I did *not* secure rooms; drifted about town loose for two hours; and finally brought up for the night, by the kind interposition of a friend, in the empty fifth-story of a tobacco warehouse, where I thankfully shared the floor with eleven other male bipeds, taking my carpet-sack for pillow, and, in sailor style, picking out the softest plank of the two-and-a-half devoted to my use to rest my bones upon.

So much for myself and the city; now for the Fair.

This is held upon the grounds owned by the Southwestern Agricultural and Horticultural Society. These grounds lie about four miles east of the city, immediately fronting upon the track of the Louisville and Lexington Railroad. Trains run at intervals of twenty minutes from early morning till six o'clock P.M. between the grounds and the city, and each train of sixteen roughly-fitted cattle-crates is crowded to its utmost capacity, within, on top, at the sides and ends, and every where else where eager mortality can by any means cling. The charge is fifteen cents each way, and I fancy the Railroad Company must be making a good thing of it.

To facilitate the landing of so many car-loads of hurrying bipeds a platform four hundred feet long has been constructed, which is sufficient to accommodate at once the entire cargo.

The extensive grounds I found not only tastefully but comfortably fitted up. Passing through the entrance (which is flanked on either side by waiting-rooms for ladies and gentlemen), the visitor sees on the left a vast shed, fitted conveniently as an amphitheatre, where ten thousand people can sit (and stand) in plain view of the arena upon which are displayed the animals competing for prizes. The track is in the form of an ellipse, about a mile in extent. Beyond the amphitheatre building, at the extreme left, is a noble group of ancient forest trees, beneath whose shade are pitched the tents of President Wilder, the Marshals, and the Press (who figure largely here). At the rear of the grounds are extensive accommodations for horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs.

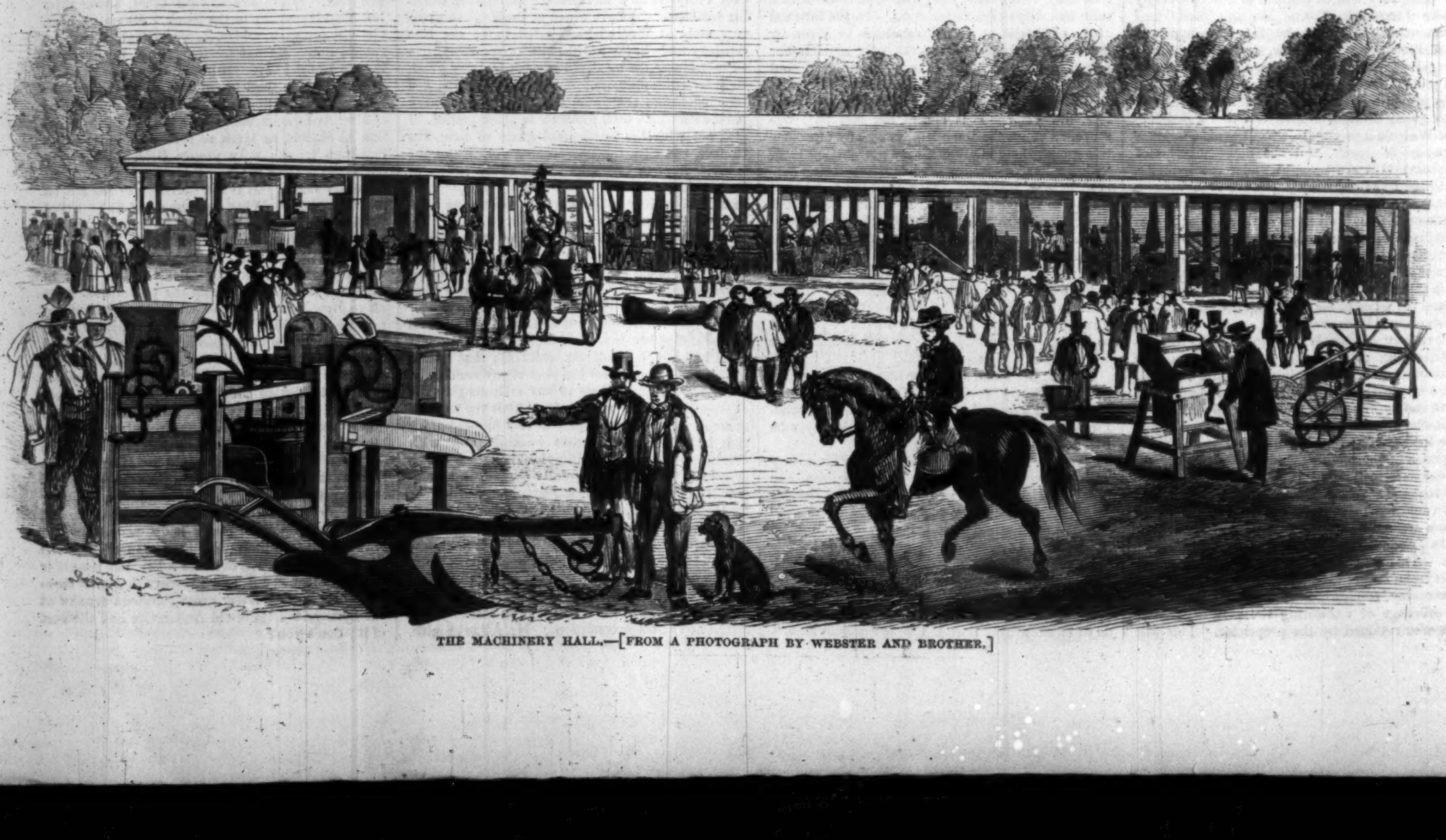


MARSHALL P. WILDER, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

To the right of the entrance the eye rests upon the beautiful octagonal building devoted to the exhibition of fruits and flowers (a more charming prospect than its inside my eyes never saw); then a long hall for the exhibition of the heavier machinery; and, lastly, a monster tent, beneath whose voluminous folds are gathered together specimens—so it seemed to me—of every minor agricultural or household implement that ever was or will be known, used, or wanted.

This much concerning the general arrangement of the grounds. Standing at the entrance, your eye takes in the whole scene at once, and the spectator is forced to admit that a finer 60-acre lot for the purpose could not have been found. The general arrangement is admirable. Hogsheads full of pure cool water to drink are found at various convenient places about the grounds. By the aid of a hydraulic ram a cast-iron fountain throws up cooling jets of spray not far from the machine building. The ardent (including every thing known here as liquor) is strictly excluded from the premises, and visitors enjoy themselves in the most orderly and quiet way. Yet there is no lack of the low vagabonds who are unfailingly present at every public gathering. These congregate outside, where the marshals can not control them, and, under the shade of some veterans of the forest, amuse themselves and fleece the verdant ones at chuck-a-luck, twenty-deck, sweat-board, and other games beloved by minor rascality. Day before yesterday the marshals caught two of these chuck-a-luck gentry systematically robbing a company of fair Kentuckians, and for this piece of ungallantry transferred them incontinently to the Louisville jail.

The weather has been unexceptionable. Bright



THE MACHINERY HALL.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEBSTER AND BROTHER.]

suns and cool and fragrant breezes have caused comfortable days and refreshing nights. When the time comes for the usual votes of thanks, I trust the clerk of the weather will be gratefully remembered. What with charming weather, fine music, beautiful ladies, and generous hosts among the resident and visiting Kentuckians, Fair-time was made a regular holiday, and dinner-time (that most serious of hours at a great public gathering, when the timid or quiet man looks despairingly and hungrily at the general rush) was an hour whose memories are graced in my mind, at least, by the fairest of faces, the most umbrageous of trees, the most savory of corn-cake and its adjuncts, and the kindest of welcomes. In short—as Micawber would say—each day of the Fair I was a fortunate sharer in the dinner and the post-prandial jollity of some hospitable party of fair and chivalrous Kentuckians, whose picnic tents, scattered among the trees, made a very pretty scene.

The first day's proceedings comprised the introductory ceremonies, a short and pertinent speech from President Wilder (who has charmed every one here), and a trial of trotting horses in the ring. The number of visitors was computed at over 20,000. This, at fifty cents each, the fee charged for entrance, made a very pretty sum toward covering the expenses.

The second day was devoted to special shows of cattle, upon which premiums were awarded, in the presence of the thousands of spectators. It was a thrilling sight. In the afternoon there was a turnout of draft-stallions, mares, and saddle geldings. The horses seemed throughout the Fair to attract much more attention than the cattle, owing, I suppose, to the fact that the greater number of the visitors were denizens of the city, who were more capable of appreciating the excellent points of a fine horse than those of a Durham bull or an Alderney cow, being more used to discuss the merits of the beeves when these are served up to them as roast and steak.

Also, the Floral Hall was opened to the public on this day, and excited the well-merited enthusiasm of the numerous fair ones present. Meantime the Machine Hall and Implement Tent were the scenes of busy competition and noisy clatter, and attracted crowds of curious citizens and knowledge-seeking farmers.

The Machinery Hall is a building 40 by 100 feet, strongly framed, so as to withstand the jar of the engine and shafting, and filled with machinery of all kinds. It is furnished with a 60 horse-power engine, and sufficient shafting to run the multifarious implements and machinery. This is the place for your practical man. Here is an assemblage of whirring, hissing, buzzing, humming, rolling, revolving, and stationary facts, asserting themselves with all the potency of deafening clangor, and never stopping to consider on the protests of old fogydom. Here are corn and cob mills, for stock feeders; sorgho crushers and boilers, for sugar raisers; corn-planters which promise to plant corn in furrows from six feet to 24 inches apart, and sowing-machines which scatter grain over half an acre at a time, or lay the wheat grains down at regular intervals of six inches. There was a rotating harrow warranted to pulverize the stiffest clay, next to a washing machine which professes to do away, in some new way, with all the labor and loss of temper (and bad dinners) of washing-day. And yonder a husking machine, which disrobes the corn, cuts up the husk, and (I believe) stuffs a mattress with it, all in one motion. There was a hoop machine which turned out six (whisky barrel) hoops per minute, and promises to make the prevailing hoop epidemic among the ladies a much less expensive thing to their liege lords. A hand-loom, which performs all the operations necessary in weaving cloth, by the simple movement of a treadle—and will possibly make the loom again a favorite household instrument for our farmers. A machine for boring pump logs—rather behind time for these days of iron piping. A "shoeing harness," with which to "come the gum game over wicked mules," as a corn-cracker friend explained to me. And an infinite variety of other farm and household utensils, all of more or less interest to your country cousins.

The corn-planters, cultivators, plows, and harrows were tried to-day. In each case the dynamometer was attached, an instrument—it may be well to add, for the benefit of your city readers—whereby the judges are enabled to ascertain the amount of power needed for the performance of a certain amount of labor. It is a very useful little machine, and ought to have an easier name.

The long tent used to store implements not requiring steam-power for their proper exhibition is two hundred and fifty feet long by about fifty-five wide. Here various farm and household implements are arranged in long rows, with intermediate passages for visitors. The arrangement of all is excellent.

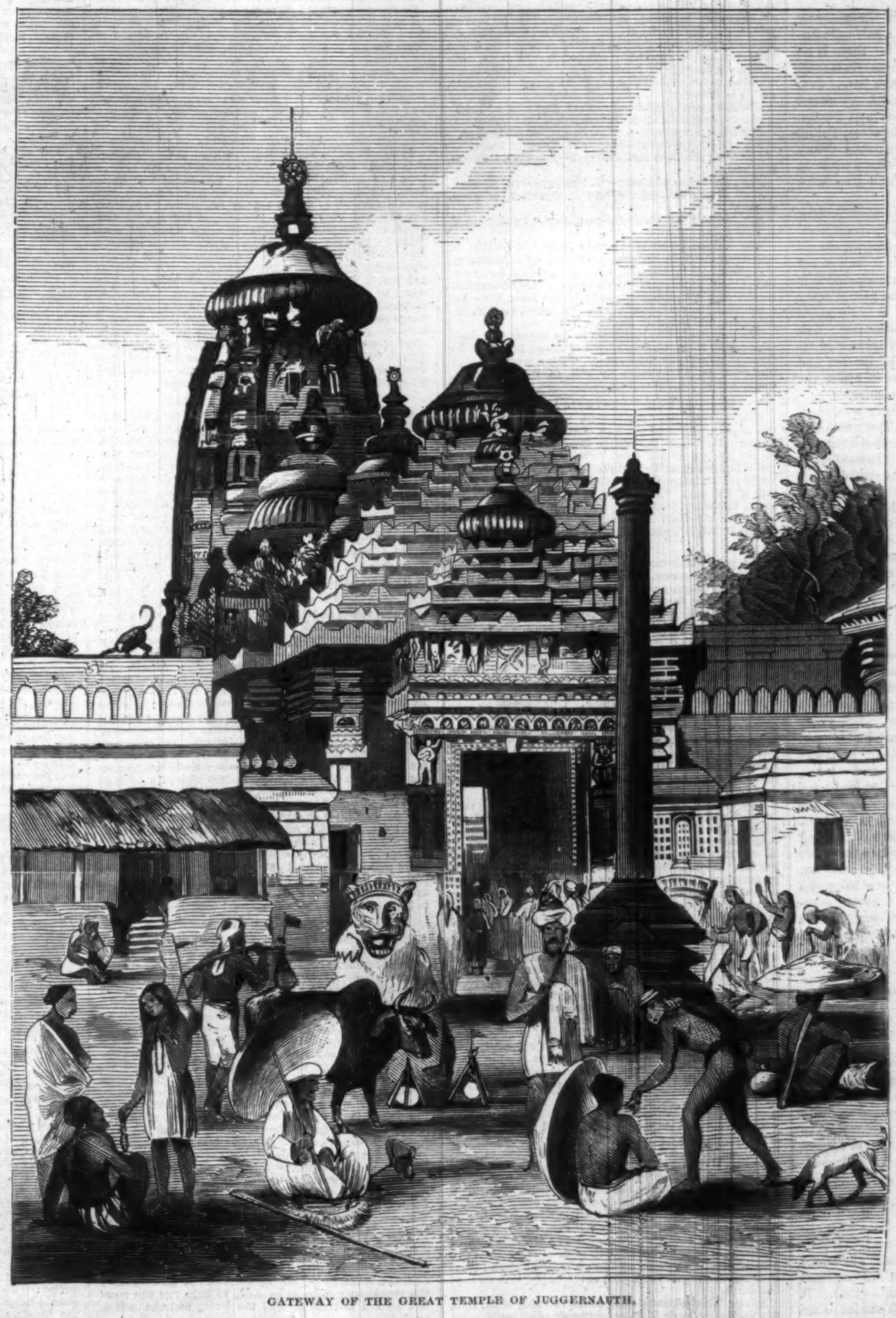
The show of *stock* was, on the whole, a failure. The animals exhibited were first-class, but the number exhibited was unusually small. A Mr. Alexander, who is reputed to have altogether the finest stock in the United States, seems to have bluffed off most of those who might have been reasonably expected to show up their cattle. The fact is, it don't pay to have a prize bull or cow beaten, and probably those who had fine cattle, *not* fine enough, thought discretion the better part of valor.

The show of horses, however, was fine; and also it created more of a sensation than any other part of the Exhibition. On the 3d (yesterday) there was a grand show of mules, jacks and jennets, saddle geldings, teams, working oxen, and thoroughbred stallions, as well as of all the cattle that had taken premiums. Among the horses were five Bedouin Arabs, splendid fellows, imported during the present year by Mr. Keene Richards, a wealthy Kentuckian, of Scott County. One of these horses, it was stated, once ran 257 miles in twenty-four hours. It seems like a tough yarn.

I must close my already long letter. There is a State Fair at Lexington next week, and some Kentucky friends, to whom I complained of the lack of fine cattle here, have agreed to "tote" me up there, "to feast my eyes on the finest stock I ever saw."

To-morrow there is a "grand cavalcade"—that is to say, a grand breaking up; and then a grand blow-out at the Galt House; and then—

Good-by!



GATEWAY OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUTH.

JUGGERNAUTH.

THIS Hindoo god is one of the forms of Vishnu, whose worship must date somewhere among the earliest ages after the flood. While it is comparatively easy to trace the origin of the idols of the more civilized nations of Europe, and to see in history the growth of Greek and Roman mythology, the birth of the religion of India and of China is hidden in profound mystery. The Brahmins claim for it an origin more ancient than the earliest dates at which we commonly place the creation of Adam, and many of the most learned Europeans are inclined to think they can trace the origin of early Grecian and Phenician mythology in the rites and ceremonies of the worshipers of Vishnu and Brahma.

Be this as it may, there is no more solid system of heathenism in the world than that of India, and in the present aspect of Indian politics and of the religious fanaticism which is prevailing against all Christians, we shall find some interest in a sketch of the worship of Juggernauth.

This god holds a mysterious, or rather a nameless place, in the Hindoo mythology. The mind of refined and civilized beings shrinks from the idea of a god whose worship is pure lasciviousness and indescribable obscenity. Such, however, is this.

The temples of Juggernauth are sustained by the most hideous rites and ceremonies, in which pilgrims of all ages and both sexes join in unbridled license. The priests and Fakirs keep vast troops of dancing girls, selected for their beauty of form and gracefulness in the indecent dances of the East, and in their company lead lives of perfect abandonment in the groves and gardens which surround the temple at Pooree on the Bay of Bengal.

Of the origin of this great temple, which is so lofty that it has been for hundreds of years a landmark to sailors, little is known, except in the stories of the natives.

There is a tradition among the priests that long ages ago a king was led by a miraculous direction to the shore of the Bay of Bengal, to a spot where was a sacred fountain. Here a messenger, whom the king dispatched, found a god dwelling near a fountain in which he bathed. The messenger also bathed in this fountain of delight, which issued close by the home of the god. Moved by this story the monarch, with a vast retinue, marched across the country to this then desolate sea-shore place, penetrating jungles, fording or swimming rivers, climbing mountains, and at length reached the spot. But the god had disappeared.

Nevertheless the resident prince who had governed the country told him that the god would reappear, that certain communications had been made of his intention to reappear in a new form, to be known as Juggernauth, and that it was necessary to build a great temple, and to establish sacrifices and costly ceremonies in his honor. The monarch heard and obeyed. The wily prince had full success in his plan, and the place became the most celebrated in India. Wealth flowed into it with the millions of pilgrims who visited it, and it became a shrine of vast influence and unbounded means.

When the king had finished the temple he was informed that a log of wood had appeared miraculously, and that within it was the form of the god; precisely as the boy who was told by another that the boat he wanted made was contained in a block of pine, and if he would whittle it away, and be careful not to cut the sides of the boat, he would find it there. This was "boat-wood," said the ingenious joker. The learned monarch had a piece of "idol-wood." But he was saved the trouble of cutting it himself. A carpenter appeared, who was to be shut up in a building, around which a constant noise of drums and musical instruments made the air discordant, while he hewed the god out of the log.

Heaven forbid that its inhabitants be of such shape as the carpenter produced! A hideous idol, with distorted features and body, looking as if it had been found writhing in some hell of torment, and fixed in the shape of his agony. Then a painter, blindfolded, put on the color—and lo! the god.

The idol is of immense size, having a frightful black face, with huge mouth painted fiery red. The arms are of gold, and the body is always covered with splendid robes.

Two other idols were made at the same time, and of similar beauty. These are Bolorom and Shububra, the brother and sister of Juggernauth, who still reside in the temple.

The vast building was completed probably in the 12th century, and from that time dates the gateway which is shown in the illustration. This is the southern front, leading toward the sea. Two huge monkey idols command it, as do two elephants on the north, lions on the east, and a nondescript idol on the west—for the temple opens in four directions.

The scenes which have taken place in the market square before the gates of this great temple are among the most horrible that the world has known. Pilgrims flock hither by hundreds of thousands. They come from the remotest parts of India, assuming the most cruel penances. Some walk all the way on their knees; some on their hands and feet; some crawl on their bellies. Thousands die by the way. An eminent Baptist missionary, traveling the road in 1834, wrote that by the river side at Buttruck he could scarcely step without setting feet on the dead bodies and bones of the pilgrims; and adds, "The vultures, ravens, and dogs were devouring them, and were increased to an unusual size by their luxurious fare of human flesh!"

It is the saddest of sights to behold these miserable devotees, who have come in pain and suffering almost intolerable for hundreds of miles, at length reaching the great market-place, and throwing themselves down before the car of the god, dying under the heavy wheels that roll unshrinking over them. The road to Juggernauth is lined with pilgrims of every age and sex, bearing on their persons the marks of their pilgrimage. Most of them have their knees and elbows worn raw and bleeding with their favorite style of progression.

At the temple a body of Fakirs, having charge of the holy place, receive the gifts of the devout, and lead their worship. The Fakirs of Juggernauth are among the most wealthy, powerful, and tyrannical in India. At the same time they are the most unscrupulous and vile. There is no limit to the obscenity, the cruelty, and the crimes of these scoundrels, who, perfectly naked, and covered with ashes, wander around the sacred precincts, seeking new victims to their lusts. Does a wealthy pilgrim appear at the gate, worn out with his long journey, he is led into the gloomy recesses of the great temple, whence he never emerges. Does a young wife or a maid about to be married seek a blessing on the union, she is introduced into chambers whose horrors are not to be described, and if she returns to day and to the exhibition of her shame, it is either as an abandoned wretch or as the crazy devotee of the god whose priests have made her mad. Humanity blushes at the history of Juggernauth.

And yet all this was for years sustained and supported by the British government. Well might Exeter Hall ring with the denunciations of the good men of England when this astounding fact was made public.

When the East India Company became possessed of the District in 1803, the priests of Juggernauth, having a keen eye to their own interests, favored the British rule, and had therefore from the government their old lands and rents reserved to them.

But when they quarreled among themselves, the Government interfered and took the management of the temple into its own hands. They took all the revenues, paid the temple about $25,000 a year, established a tax on pilgrims, out of which they devoted part to improving the roads and making them easier for the knees and elbows of the devout, and part to building inns and resting-places for the devotees along their painful routes. The indignation of the religious people in England put a stop to this pilgrim tax in a few years. But the Government continued to hold part of the lands of the temple and pay a part of the annual revenue, about $12,000, until within two years, when (in 1856) they finally made over the lands to the temple, and left the Hindoos to support Juggernauth on their own account.

Some of our readers will remember the surprise and amusement caused by the fact appearing that Hindoo idols were manufactured in England and exported for sale in India. But the fact that vast revenues were received by the East India Company, and through them by the people of England, from the pilgrim taxes of various temples in India, was most judiciously hushed.

The huge idols which stand before the gateway of the temple face the sea, which is a half mile distant. The surf is always heavy, for there is no harbor at Pooree, the town where the temple stands. The people believe these idols to have power over the sea, especially to forbid its approach any nearer to their temple. The group of men and women represented in the foreground are devotees, Fakirs and Fakirnees, male and female alike naked, drunk with hemp and with fanaticism, resting a while in the open air after the orgies in which they have taken part within the temple.

The chief temple, which is surrounded by fifty smaller ones, stands at the head of the street leading down to the sea, on both sides of which are religious buildings. The great temple is built of red granite, and inclosed within a high wall. But it is always open to the public, and the idol is daily exhibited to their wondering eyes. It is a wooden figure of immense size with distorted features. The other two original images we have spoken of remain. They are worshiped as the brother and sister of Juggernauth. The shrine is under the great dome which is visible in the picture.

The ceremonies of the idol are daily washings, conducted with much ceremony. The great idol is washed and anointed and reclothed six times a day, each time in splendid robes. Immediately after the dressing, fifty-six Brahmins attend before it with various kinds of food which are offered to the god. It has been said that the food offered daily in the temple was in former times enough to feed twenty thousand persons. The offering over, the priests close the temple, admitting only the initiated and the dancing girls and Fakirnees (female Fakirs), and celebrate their orgies in the secret chambers. This ended, they retire to the cool groves which surround the temple and await the hour for the next lustration.

The car of Juggernauth is the great carriage in which the image of the god is drawn from this to another temple at the time of the annual festival. Of course the chief procession is at the grand temple in Pooree. This occurs in July. But every district of Bengal has its Juggernauth and its car, and the same hegira is accomplished in every large town, with similar ceremonies.

The car at Pooree is about sixty feet high, and runs on sixteen wheels, which press deep in the ground with their vast superincumbent weight. The people believe that whoever assists in drawing it obtains remission of all sins, and hence there are provided six immense cables for all to seize on. The rush, crush, and fury to get hold of the ropes results in the trampling on many who are overrun by the wheels; thus dying gloriously, while the priests, of whom many stand on the car, shout their wild triumph—"*Juggernaut Piritay! Hooree—Hocree—Bol!*"

LITERARY.

DICKENS'S NOVELS. (Complete.) Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co.

The public owe Mr. Peterson a large debt for the spirit and enterprise with which he supplies their wants. This is the duodecimo edition, to separate volumes of which we have heretofore from time to time called attention. It is much the best edition of Dickens that we have seen. The paper is good, the type large and clear, and the whole set will form an ornamental shelf in any library. We heartily commend it to persons wishing a readable as well as elegant copy of these books, which are always fresh however frequently re-read. The illustrations alone are worth the price of the books to those whose conceptions of the various creations of the pen of the author are but imaginations. It helps one amazingly in reading such stories to see the people in black and white before us.

BÉRANGER: Two Hundred of his Lyrical Poems; done into English Verse *by William Young.* New York: D. Appleton & Co.

No one who has read Béranger in French will want a translation. That is very certain. For those who read French sufficiently well to appreciate and admire him know how impossible a translation is, and those who do not read it so well will be so thoroughly disgusted with his poetry as never to wish to see it "done into English." Of the first class there are very few—very few indeed. Not one man in a hundred who reads or talks French (of course we do not speak of Frenchmen) can read French poetry with any pleasure or with any understanding. It indeed requires something more than an ordinary Frenchman to do it; and the most accomplished Englishman or American must lay down the songs of Béranger wondering what the Parisians and Lyonnais can find of melody or metre in them.

It may seem a curious idea, but we have our own notion on this subject, that most of Béranger's songs are improved by being done into English. In this respect they differ from all others that are known. There are certain catches, which, to the French mind, and especially to the mind of the Faubourg St. Antoine, are irresistible, which it were vain to attempt to do in any other language. But it is no loss to the English reader that his translation does not contain these, since he can never hope to appreciate them except by a ten years' residence among the men whose ears and mental structure they were intended for.

The translation before us has decided merit; and at this time, when the recent death of the poet has called attention to him, will be acceptable to all who wish to know the characteristics of the greatest song-writer of France.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE New York American State Convention, for the nomination of State officers, assembled at Syracuse on the 15th instant. One hundred and sixty-eight delegates were present. The Convention organized by the election of Henry B. Northrup, of Washington, as permanent president. During the afternoon session, a spirited debate took place as to the propriety of constructing a new platform, and it was finally decided to confine the resolutions to matters of State policy. The whole ticket was nominated on the same day that the Convention met, and is as follows:

For Secretary of State—JAMES O. PUTNAM, of Erie.
For Controller—Col. N. S. BENTON, of Herkimer.
For State Treasurer—LYMAN ODELL, of Livingston.
For Attorney-General—HENRY H. ROSS, of Essex.
For State Engineer and Surveyor—ROSWELL GRAVES, of Kings.
For Canal Commissioner—G. DENNISTON, of Steuben.
State Prison Inspector—JOHN M. STEVENS, of Westchester.
For Judge of the Court of Appeals—HIRAM KETCHUM, of New York.

The Massachusetts Democratic State Convention, in session on the 16th instant, nominated, by acclamation, E. D. Beach, of Springfield, as a candidate for Governor, and Albert Currier, of Newburyport, for Lieutenant-Governor. The American party in the same State has nominated Henry J. Gardner for Governor; and the Republicans, Nathaniel P. Banks.

The New York City delegates to the Republican State Convention favor the nomination of Judge Denio for the Court of Appeals by their party. Such a nomination, if made by the Republicans as well as the Democrats, would secure the Judge's election.

LOSS OF THE "CENTRAL AMERICA."

Since our last issue the country has been startled by the announcement of the loss of the *Central America*, formerly known as the *George Law*, with three-fourths of her passengers and crew. The vessel foundered, on the 12th instant, off Cape Hatteras, during a terrific gale, while on her passage from Aspinwall to New York, by way of Havana. She had on board some six hundred souls, including passengers and crew, about a million and a half of dollars in treasure, and the California mails for the fortnight ending August 20.

THE GALE.

The gale which caused this terrible calamity is described by experienced seamen as one of the fiercest ever known. It commenced on the evening of the 8th—the day on which the *Central America* left Havana—and continued, lulling at intervals, until the night of the 12th. On the latter day it rose to the power of an appalling hurricane. A low, gloomy sky shut out the sun by day, and the stars by night; the sea did not rise into waves, but was one plain of foam, over which a heavy mist of spray was driven by the force of the wind. On the morning of Friday, the 11th instant, the ship was discovered to have sprung a leak. This appears to have extinguished the fires almost immediately; the steam-pumps were, therefore, useless, and the only hope was in bailing, as the ship even then was making water very fast. The passengers worked vigorously at the buckets, and at first with so much success that the fires were again lighted; but only for a few moments: the water returned, and extinguished them forever.

The *Central America* was now completely at the mercy of the winds and waves. During the whole of the night of the 11th the bailing was kept up with unremitting energy, but on the morning of the 12th, in spite of all efforts to keep her afloat, the ship was evidently sinking fast. The passengers demeaned themselves with the greatest propriety: there was no weeping, no exhibition of despair, even among the women. At two o'clock on Saturday afternoon a sail was reported to windward, and in about an hour after, the brig *Marine* came up under the *Central America's* stern. Boats were now lowered, but two were instantly swamped and destroyed. Three boats still remained, though one of them was in a bad condition. At four o'clock the work of removing the women and children to the deck of the *Marine* was commenced. The brig, however, being much lighter than the ship, had drifted far to leeward, and the boats were long in making their trips. After the women and children had been placed on board, the chief engineer and some fifteen others took the boats, made for the brig, and did not return. It was now dark. About two hours before the sinking of the ship, a schooner ran down under her stern, but could render no assistance for want of boats.

THE FINAL SCENE.

The passengers continued to bail until within an hour of the *Central America's* disappearance. Life-preservers were then given out to them. The ship sank at eight o'clock. Captain Herndon stood upon the wheel, and was heard to say that he would never leave the ship. No one who knew the gallant commander could ever imagine that he would. The final scene took place more suddenly and at an earlier period than her unfortunate passengers anticipated. All at once the ship made a plunge at an angle of forty-five degrees, and then disappeared forever. A simultaneous shriek of agony rose from five hundred human throats, and five hundred human beings were left floating on the bosom of the ocean, with no hope but death.

About half past one o'clock on the morning of the 13th, the Norwegian bark *Ellen* came running down with a free wind. The cries of distress from the *Central America's* passengers were heard, and the *Ellen* hove-to under short sail. And now the task of rescuing those who had been able to survive in the water for nearly five hours was commenced. By nine o'clock, A.M., thirty-one men were rescued. Diligent search was made until twelve o'clock, but no more survivors could be seen, so the *Ellen* bore away for Norfolk, where the passengers rescued by her, as well as those taken off by the brig *Marine*, were placed on board the steamer *Empire City*, and conveyed to New York. At the time we go to press no others are known to have been saved except those picked up by the brig *Marine* or sent in boats to the bark *Ellen*. The former rescued ninety-three, and the latter thirty-one, making only one hundred and twenty-four saved, out of a total, in passengers and crew supposed to have been on board the *Central America*, of five hundred and eighty-five souls. Some of the passengers have furnished most thrilling narratives of the wreck and of their own personal sufferings. Mr. George, picked up by the *Ellen*, has given the following description of

A NIGHT ON THE WAVES.

Mr. George was one of the hundreds who had supplied themselves with life-preservers, pieces of plank, etc., and preferred to await the ship's going down to leaping overboard in anticipation of her fate. When she went down stern foremost, after giving three lurches that made every timber quiver, and which were to every quaking heart as the throes that instantly preceded her dissolution, he was dragged, with the rest on board of her, some twenty or twenty-five feet beneath the surface. He heard no shriek—nothing but the seething rush and hiss of waters that closed above her as she hurried, almost with the speed of an arrow, to her ocean bed. Night had closed in before the vessel sank, and he was sucked in by the whirlpool caused by her swift descent, to a depth that in its seeming was unfathomable, and into a darkness that he had never dreamed of. Compared with it, the blackest night, without moon or star, was as the broad noonday. He was rather stunned than stifled, and his sensations on coming to the surface were almost as painful, from their reaction, as those which he endured at the greatest depth to which he sank. When he became conscious, after the lapse of a minute or two, he could distinguish every object around him for a considerable distance. The waves, as they rose and fell, revealed a crowd of human heads. Those unfortunates who had lost their life-preservers or planks while under water, owing to the force of the whirlpool, were frantically snatching at the broken pieces of the wreck, which, breaking from the ship as she continued to descend, leaped above the surface, and fell back with a heavy splash. Then cries arose that mingled into one inarticulate wail, and then the lustier and less terrified shouted for assistance to the *Marine*, which was far beyond hailing distance. The waves dashed them one against another at first, but speedily they began to separate, and the last farewells were taken. One man called to another, in Mr. George's hearing, "If you are saved, Frank, send my love to my dear wife," but the friend appealed to answered only with a gurgle of the throat. He was washed off his plank, and perished as his companion spoke. Many were desirous of separating themselves as far as possible from the rest, being fearful lest some desperate struggler might seize hold of them, and draw them under. Others, afraid of their loneliness, called to their neighbors to keep together. Generally, they strove to cheer each other as long as they remained within hearing, and when the roar of the waves drowned all but the loudest shouting, the call of friendship or the cry of despair was heard in the distance, and infused confidence or increased dismay in many a failing bosom.

FEAR OF SHARKS.

It was when he had drifted far from the companionship of any of his fellows in misfortune, that Mr. George began to realize his situation. The night was quite dark. Occasionally, as the driving clouds parted and gave a glimpse of sky, a star or two would be visible, but this was very seldom and offered but the faintest gleam of hope that the morning would dawn fair and calm. The swell of the sea was great, and successively the poor floaters, holding on to their planks with the energy of despair, were riding on the brink of a precipice and buried in a deep valley of water. Mr. George, like many of the rest, was seized with the fear of sharks. Respiration was very difficult, owing to the masses of water which were constantly dashed upon them as wave after wave rolled by. For two or three hours the water was not unpleasantly cold, and it was not till about one o'clock on the morning of Sunday, when they had been nearly five hours in the water, and a fresh, chilling wind arose, that their limbs began to feel benumbed.

THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

Some of the incidents occurring before or about that time were truly thrilling. One man, floating in solitude, and terrified at his loneliness, after shouting himself hoarse to find a companion, saw at length a man with two life-preservers fastened about his body drifting toward him. His heart leaped with joy at the welcome sight, for the feeling of desolation which had overcome him was terrible to endure. He called to the other to join him if possible, and made every exertion to meet him half-way. There was no reply, but the other drifted nearer and nearer. A wave threw them together. They touched. The living man shrieked in the face of a corpse. The other had been drowned by the dash of the billows, or had perished from exhaustion.

SAVED!

When, rising and falling with the swell of the waves, the lights of the bark *Ellen* were first discerned by the survivors in the water, the thrill of hope that at once filled every breast amounted, it may well be believed, to a perfect ecstasy. Let Mr. George speak for all. He says: "I never felt so thankful in all my life. I never knew what gratitude was before. I do not know whether I cried or not, but I know I was astonished to hear my own laughter ringing in my ears. I do not know why I laughed. That verse, 'God moves in a mysterious way,' kept passing in and out of me—through me, rather, as if I had been the pipe of an organ. It did not come to me by my own volition, but somehow made me remember it. When the lights approached nearer, a score of voices sprang up around me, crying 'Ship ahoy!' 'Boat ahoy!' and then I began to shout too. And I had never any doubt that I should be saved till I saw the lights pass by, about half a mile from where I was, and recede in the distance. Then I began to give myself up for lost indeed. But I slowly drifted toward her again, till I could make out her hull and one of her masts, and presently I floated close to her, and shouted, and was taken up. When I got on the deck I could not stand. I did not know till then how exhausted I was."

A LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

One of the lady passengers (Mrs. Virginia Birch) taken off by the *Marine*, has made the following statement: "On Saturday, about 12 o'clock, when we had almost given up hope, a brig was seen some little distance from us, and bearing rapidly down toward us; she was hailed by Captain Herndon, and told of our desperate situation. The Captain of the brig said he would do for us all that he could, and brought his vessel close under our stern, the distance between the two vessels momentarily increasing. Preparations were immediately made to get the steamer's boats out, but three were dashed to pieces before they reached the water. The Captain then called the ladies and told them to prepare to go into the boats. But to get in was a difficult matter, as the waves were so high. However, a noose was made in a rope, and a lady seated herself in it, holding on to the rope at the same time, when she was lowered safely into the boat. This process was repeated with all, but many got a ducking, for just as they would be ready to get in, a large wave would come, sway the boat from the vessel's side, and of course the lady would go into the water. One lady was ducked in this manner two or three times, but in the end they were scarcely worse off than the rest, for in transferring us to the brig, the waves dashed over the boat and drenched us all thoroughly. The persons who went in the boat with me, were Mrs. Thomas, Madame Pahud, a French lady with three children, Mrs. Harris, and old Aunt Lucy, the stewardess. A man (one of the stewards) got in, as he said, to help row the boat, but he did not understand the work, and the sailors made him lie down in the bottom of the boat. The boat was rowed by four men and steered by the boatswain of the ship. Chief Engineer Ashby superintended getting the passengers into the boats. He allowed some men to come in. Judge Munson, of Sacramento, and a Mr. Paine, were among them. The Captain, I understand, sent Mr. Ashby off to the brig in the third boat, but he refused to go back to the steamer. One man attempted to get into the boat, and Ashby drew a knife and threatened to stab him if he did not desist. All who were rescued by the brig were on board by 6 o'clock in the afternoon. Toward evening we saw a schooner close under the bow of the steamer, and this relieved us all of some of the anxiety we felt for our friends whom we had left behind. It soon became dark, and we never saw any more of the sinking steamer. On board the *Marine*, which is a very small vessel (her entire cabin being scarcely larger than an ordinary state-room on a steamer), we were crowded very much. There were 31 women, 26 children, and 41 men on board. The vessel had lost part of her foremast and bowsprit, and was altogether unsuited to accommodate us. We slept on the top of the deck cabins, using the spare sails for our beds, and passed a miserable and cold time enough. It was enough to freeze us to death. Some of the women had no clothes to cover their children, and they took the sheets and made them into garments. We lay by the steamer all that night, in hopes of finding some one, but did not succeed, and the next day about 2 o'clock set out for Norfolk."

THE COMEDY OF THE GOLD SNUFF-BOX.

The history of General Jackson's gold snuff-box has passed through a new phase. In accordance with the recommendation of the New York Common Council Committee that the famous box should be given to Major Dyckman as the "bravest son of York," it was generally believed that the interesting ceremony of presentation would take place on the 14th instant, the anniversary of the entrance of the American army into the city of Mexico. The appearance in New York of Andrew Jackson, Jun., the General's adopted son, gave probability to the rumor that he would in person present the bequest to Major Dyckman. Great, therefore, was the surprise manifested when, in a letter to the Chairman of the Common Council Committee, Mr. Jackson declared that, having the box once more in his possession, he would not give it up at all! The division of public sentiment as to the "patriot most valiant in the defense of his country and our country's rights" is the reason advanced by Andrew Jackson, Jun., for this *coup d'état.* He will not undertake "to decide between the brave and gallant gentlemen whose respective claims are so warmly urged by their friends."

Mr. Jackson's explanation of his connection with the gold snuff-box is interesting. He had kept it with jealous care under lock and key at the Hermitage ever since the death of General Jackson, and only exposed it to the light of day when visitors to the mansion desired to see it. In the early part of last March he received the first intimation of an attempt to dispose of the box in conformity with the stipulations of the will. This intimation was communicated to him in a letter from Alderman Moneghan, inquiring if the box was in his possession, and explaining, as the object of the inquiry, that a movement was on foot in New York city to determine the man entitled to the beqnest. He answered the letter immediately, feeling the utmost willingness to part with the box when the proper man was indicated, and the proper occasion found. Another letter shortly afterward arrived, announcing that the Board of Aldermen had decided upon the man to whom the box ought to be awarded. Mr. Jackson replied by inquiring how he should transmit the box; whether they would send some trustworthy person after it, or whether he should forward it by express.

The day before Councilman Van Tine arrived at the Hermitage Mr. Jackson received a telegraphic dispatch from New York, stating that the Councilman was on his way to Tennessee, and would speedily apply to him for the box. He was told in the telegraphic message not to give up the box, and that documents would be forthwith forwarded to convince him of the impropriety of his parting with it. On the morning afterward—and the morning of the same day that Councilman Van Tine called upon him—he received by the mail a remonstrance signed by a number of the members of the New York Volunteers, protesting against the award of the box to Major Dyckman. He thought this worthy of some attention, and accordingly asked Councilman Van Tine for an explanation. The Councilman answered that the opposition was from a faction, and he understood that the general sentiment of New York was in favor of awarding the box to Major Dyckman. Satisfied with this explanation of matters, he consented to come on to New York and take a personal part in the presentation of the box. This is Mr. Jackson's history of the whole affair, and, though he retains possession of the box, he expresses his willingness to deliver it up whenever the man entitled to it shall be made known, and the provisions of the General's will shall have been complied with.

OVER NIAGARA—MYSTERIOUS SUICIDE.

An Englishman, well dressed and supplied with ordinary luggage, arrived in the Great Western train on the 11th instant, at Niagara Falls, and registered his name on the books of the Clifton House, as W. T. Allen, Montreal. After getting to his room he ordered a bottle of wine—drank it—wrote two letters, and then came down stairs; walked deliberately out on Table Rock; waded into the water as far as the rapid current would permit, took off his hat and threw it and plunged himself over the precipice into the roaring cataract to be seen no more. The letters left in his room were opened. One was directed to a Miss Allen, Ireland, probably a sister, one other to a business firm in Montreal. The first was an unintelligible scrawl; the other could only be deciphered partially.

On his way from the dépôt he asked the driver whether any one had ever jumped over the Falls without being killed. An answer in the negative brought the response that he could or would do it. This threat was regarded by the driver as a foolish, idle boast, but about 3½ P.M. the stranger made the attempt. Whether he intended to commit suicide or simply to outjump Sam Patch probably no one will ever be able to tell. The leap certainly was premeditated, but the letters assign no reason for the rash act. He seemed to have plenty of money, and a gold watch and chain, all of which, with his body, will probably lie wedged in the crevices of the rocks at the bottom of the Niagara River.

PERSONAL.

Since our last issue Colonel Benton has been dangerously ill, suffering from an organic intestinal disease of several years standing. We are glad at being able to state that he is much better, though not yet perfectly convalescent.

Judge Bowlin is reported to have resigned his office as Minister to New Granada.

Lieutenant-General Scott passed through New York last week *en route* to Washington. It is understood that the President desired to consult with him relative to the Utah expedition. The General is not in good health, he is suffering from the effects of an accidental fall.

A Texas paper states that General Houston intends handing in his resignation, to take effect on the 1st of March next. It is not known whether he will return to the senate during the winter.

It is rumored that the President has determined to appoint Mr. Toucey to the vacant judgeship on the Supreme Bench and to place Mr. Clifford of Maine in the cabinet as Secretary of the Navy.

Hon. Edward Everett has made a favorable response to the invitation extended him by the Georgia State Agricultural Society, and will deliver his oration on the life and character of Washington, in the city of Montgomery, at the fair in November next. He has also consented to visit Mobile about the same time, for the same purpose.

Rev. George H. Doane, son of Bishop Doane (Episcopal), of New Jersey, and a convert to the Roman Catholic Church about a year since, having recently returned from Rome, was ordained a Priest in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Newark, last Sunday week, in the presence of a very large congregation.

The London correspondent of a New York journal writes: "To the great gratification of the London mercantile community, Mr. Peabody arrived on Saturday by the *Persia*, after an absence of a year all but two days. Those who know him well consider that he is looking much better for his trip. The passage was a calm one, and he says that from the hour of his departure from England to that of his return he has experienced nothing but happy fortune."

There is reason to believe that the Nicaraguan Minister will not again present himself for official recognition until after the next Government of Nicaragua shall have been installed.

Dispatches have been received from Commissioner Parker relative to the alleged complication of Consul Keenan in the British hostilities at Canton. The latter vindicated himself by saying that he went thither in the discharge of his official duties, and instead of carrying the American flag at the head of the forces, he merely dispossessed a seaman of the sloop *Levant* of the flag the sailor had wrapped around himself.

General Walker has addressed a letter to a citizen of Georgia on the subject of another expedition to Nicaragua. He alleges that the soil and climate of Central America are such as demand slave labor for a successful prosecution of agricultural industry; and he endeavors to prove to our Southern slaveholders that the conquest and annexation of that country are essential to the security of slavery at home.

A. Dudley Mann, Esq., writes to the Philadelphia *Press* that he has no doubt whatever concerning the success of his effort to establish direct lines of steamers between Europe and Southern ports. He says the holders, who are limited to a share of $100 each, are multiplying rapidly from day to day. The Company asks no aid whatever from the Government. The only remuneration which it expects for mail-carrying is its fair earnings according to established postal rates.

A JOHN DEAN CASE IN BOSTON.

A Boston contemporary tells the following story: "While the moral sense of the aristocratic circles of this community was shocked by the late elopement of John Dean, a coachman, with the young daughter of a wealthy New Yorker, it was little dreamed that in those very aristocratic circles here Cupid, in the garb of Jehu, had fired one of his unerring darts, and pierced the heart of one of the daughters of one of the first houses on the fashionable *rue* of Boston. But it was even so. Yet whether the occurrences were contemporaneous, and the shafts of the bewitching little God of the Bow touched the heart of the New York daughter and the Boston daughter at the same time, it is not within our information to decide. Still it is a fact that both young ladies became enamored of the family coachman, and both pursued the same means to gratify their passions—that is, to elope; and, finding a convenient clergyman, got united, as man and wife should be, in lawful wedlock. Like John Dean, the coachman of ———, Esq., eloped with the daughter of his friend, and relation by marriage; they got married, like the New York elopers. But it is not true, so far as we can learn, that the family of the Boston lady pursued her, called upon the Deputy Chief Ham, or Officer Oliver, or Officer Jellison, or Officer Jones, or Officer Marsh, or Officer Eaton, or any other efficient officer of the police, to bring back the runaway lady, at all hazards. The family simply said: 'She has gone—she has thrown herself away on a miserable coachman—let her go—she is discarded now and forever." And so the matter rests."

MYSTERY AT MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

We learn from the Bangor *Union*, that the usual quietude of the Moosehead Lake region has been disturbed by a "mysterious" affair which recently took place at the Eveleth House. About a fortnight since two young men arrived at that hotel and registered themselves as from Lowell, Massachusetts. The next morning they purchased a batteau, giving twice as much for it as it was worth, had their trunks placed in it, and said they were going on a lake and foresting tour of six or seven weeks.

They set out from the foot of the lake, but proceeded only a mile or two, to a point out of sight of the house, where they were observed by some laborers to land their trunks. They remained at this point all day, and returned to the Eveleth House at eleven o'clock that night, with one trunk less than they carried away. They carried the remaining trunk to their room themselves, and left next morning in the five-o'clock stage.

These movements were regarded so suspiciously that the spot where the young men passed the previous day was visited, where were found the fragments of a trunk, several pounds of bullets, a blacksmith's pincers, a cold chisel, a tin tube, such as is used in cotton factories, a little silver whistle, a piece of trace chain, an auger, a phial labeled strychnine, one or two shirts with bosoms torn out, and several little trinkets. The *quidnuncs* of the locality are greatly befogged by the occurrence, and "something unlawful" is suspected.

SUPERSTITION IN NEW ENGLAND.

A foolish old Yankee farmer in West Stafford, Connecticut, named Josiah Holmes, who has been dreaming for years that there was a gold mine on his farm, borrowed $800, and putting $200 more with it, did the sum up in a piece of brown paper, and handed it to a gipsy woman, who only wanted to handle the package a moment in order to complete a charm by which she would be able to point out the exact locality of the mine! In a moment she handed the brown package back to the simpleton, telling him to lock it up safe, without opening it, and say nothing of the transaction to any living soul. But the old man's curiosity got the better of him, and he broke the charm by tearing off the wrapper and finding nothing but brown paper. A sheriff was started off that night after the gipsy man and woman, whose old wagon and chestnut horse were traced to Vernon, but there lost. The man and woman are both about thirty years old. It is strange that this stale old trick can be played off again and again in New England; but the "love of money is the root of all evil."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

It is reported that the Atlantic Cable is not likely to prove available for either of the projected Indian lines of telegraph. It appears that in its present coiled state it generates or absorbs a great amount of heat, and a fear is entertained of its being ruined by the temperature to which it would be subjected in twice crossing the tropics. It has been found that extreme heat in the parts under pressure forces the copper wire to the sides of the gutta percha and destroys insulation.

Captain Hudson, of the United States frigate *Niagara*, in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, says: "The Company seem determined to consummate their undertaking, and have called upon three of the best practical machinists and engineers of London to have a thorough examination, and to report upon the machinery now on board the *Niagara*. Should they defer laying down the cable until the middle of July next—which is probably the best time to commence the work—they will have abundant time to make 3000 miles of telegraphic cable by the 1st of May."

The London *Advertiser* is "informed by a correspondent that the Government is in treaty with the Atlantic Telegraph Company to buy up their interest and complete the work. It is stated that the Government has actually offered terms to which the directors have assented, subject to the confirmation of a special meeting of the proprietors." We give this paragraph from our contemporary, but can not vouch for its correctness.

APPROACHING LAUNCH OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

It is stated that this monster steamship will be launched in the first spring tides of October next. Great preparations have been made for the launching—an operation as great a novelty as the ship herself. The plan hitherto has been to build the vessel on an inclined plane, and at right angles with the water; but in the case of the *Great Eastern* this was impossible, on account of her great length, to say nothing of the expense of building a vessel of her enormous dimensions in a position which would elevate her forecastle nearly a hundred feet above the ground. These considerations led Mr. Brunel to determine upon launching her sideways, with which view she has been built parallel to the river. In constructing the foundation of the floor on which she stands, provision has been made at two points to insure sufficient strength to bear the whole weight when completed. On these two points she will rest when ready, and thus her strength will be tested in the severest, and therefore most satisfactory, manner. Two cradles will be introduced at these points, and she will then be moved by two hydraulic engines. Timber ways are laid down to low-water mark, with an incline of one foot in twelve, and iron rails of peculiar construction are to be laid upon these transversely. A tell-tale will indicate the rate at which the two ends are descending, and any difference that may occur will be immediately rectified by strong check-tackle. It is calculated that she will advance twelve feet per minute, at which speed her submersion will be effected in twenty minutes. The cradles will then be drawn from under her, and she will be towed over to the opposite side of the river, where she will lie until ready for sea.

HONORS TO AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR.

At the autumn Commencement of Trinity College, Dublin, held for the purpose of conferring degrees on distinguished members of the British Association, Professor Rogers of Boston, Massachusetts, was among the parties honored. The Professor has been for some time in England engaged in preparing for publication his work on the geology and physical geography of North America. He is also a candidate for the vacant chair of Natural History in the University of Glasgow. Referring to this, the Literary *Gazette* says: "The Chair is in the gift of the Crown, and if no candidate of greater eminence should come forward, it will be the general feeling of naturalists that the Government would do a graceful act, as well as serve the best interests of the Glasgow College, by appointing the distinguished American geologist to the Professorship. In the United States great liberality is shown in such appointments, of which we need only mention the name of Professor Agassiz as an instance."

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The British Association has been sitting for some time in Dublin, and on the 2d instant its proceedings were brought to a close. Among the papers read before the Association during the last week of its session was an interesting contribution from Sir John Richardson, R.N., consisting of extracts from the original journal of Mr. Anderson's search after the crews of Sir John Franklin's ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

Sir John Richardson himself made some observations on the subject of the paper. He believed it was quite certain that the boat—the fragments of which Mr. Anderson had found on the shore of the Lake Franklin—had been abandoned by Sir John Franklin's crew and broken up by the Esquimaux; but he did not believe the story of the Esquimaux about the death of the crews from starvation at that particular place. He believed that the party had gone farther inland, and then died, and that their officers and best-informed men had previously died, else they would have known of the dépôt of provisions which lay to the north of where they then were, and which they did not, unfortunately, find out. When the expedition went out in 1845, they had provisions for two and a half years, or for three years on short allowance; and in those regions of rigorous and perpetual cold, short allowance meant starvation. At the end of three years few of the men would have had strength enough left to enable them to travel far, and he had no doubt that they all perished. If Sir James Ross had been able to penetrate by sledges to the point where it was intended that he should go, when first sent out on the search, he had no doubt that he would have found Sir John Franklin's ships, and if the new expedition arrive at that point they most probably would find at least the remains of these unfortunate vessels.

FRANCE.

SINGULAR RESULTS OF A LOVE CASE IN PARIS.

In Paris a young man who had become deeply in love with an interesting lady, Mademoiselle Julie R., asked her hand in marriage, but was rejected. He made several unsuccessful attempts to engage her to reconsider this decision. At last he became convinced that there was no hope for him. He repaired to her house, and after hearing from her lips a firm rejection of his offer, he drew a pistol from his breast and shot himself through the head. He fell at her feet a mangled corpse. Terror had so completely taken possession of her soul at the sight of this unexpected and hideous tragedy, she remained transfixed to the spot like a statue, utterly insensible, and her body perfectly rigid. Her family, attracted by the report of the pistol, hastened to the drawing-room, attempted to recall her, physicians came, but care and science could do nothing; the poor girl was an epileptic, and their only hope lay in those mysterious forces of nature which seem able to repair almost every havoc made in the constitution. This hope was not disappointed; in half an hour an uncontrollable, violent paroxysm of tears and sobs relieved the poor girl. The next day, while Mademoiselle Julie R., surrounded by her family, was working quietly in another parlor, she was seized at the very same moment of time the fit first fell upon her, with a second fit, and she assumed involuntarily and unconsciously the posture and rigidity of a statue of Terror. Every day this disagreeable phenomenon was renewed, and the physicians declared their art could do nothing for its relief, time being the only physician which could alleviate it. The family took every measure to avoid any dangerous consequence to this state, and determined to appeal to time. Mademoiselle Julie R. was fond of birds, and she had a large cage full of them hung above a window in the court-yard. She was so busily engaged feeding them one Saturday that she forgot all about her daily paroxysm, which overtook her while she was in a chair feeding her birds, and necessarily leaned out of the window a good deal. She fell out of the window the height of several stories, on the stone pavement of the court-yard, and when taken up was found to be fatally mangled. She possessed sufficient consciousness to relate the cause of the accident, but so numerous and so severe were the injuries she received that she expired in the course of the afternoon.

INDIA.

GALLANT DEATH OF A GALLANT SOLDIER.

The revolt broke out at Cawnpore on the 5th of June. No sooner had intimation thereof reached Nena Sahib than he took his guns and joined the rebels, assuming the command in person. He procured guns of large calibre, and with these he commenced pounding Sir Hugh Wheeler's intrenchment, to which the latter with his small calibre guns could make no adequate reply. Sir Hugh had only ninety men, besides some six hundred women and children under his charge. Notwithstanding this, and that in the first fortnight he lost about one-third of his force, Wheeler's heart never failed him. Sally after sally did he make, and always drove the enemy before him. Had not there been so great a crowd of ladies under his charge he could with ease have cut his way to Allahabad. At length, on the 26th of June, they had but two days' supply of food left; they had no water; their ammunition was at its lowest ebb. From being confined, six hundred in number, in a barrack originally designed to contain about two hundred, and from the bodies lying unburied all around them, disease in a bad form had come among them, and was decimating their ranks. But the heart of the gallant Wheeler rose with the crisis. On the 26th he was determined to make one last effort—one grand assault on the enemy's position, and to take from them the necessary supplies. He came on with his half-starved band, charged the enemy, and drove them from their position; but he had no cavalry. The enemy had been joined by a second regiment from Oude, and the two coming upon his flanks just as he drove the infantry before him—coming with a proportion of twelve to one—compelled him to fight his way back. He himself was mortally wounded, and lost many men in this action.

THE BLACK TREACHERY OF NENA SAHIB.

The death of Sir Hugh Wheeler damped the hopes of the small garrison at Cawnpore. They had neither food, water, nor ammunition—to remain there was to die. In this emergency they sent Mr. Stack, the deputy collector, on the 27th of June, to treat with Nena Sahib. He was received by that victorious leader with great civility. The following most favorable conditions were agreed upon: The garrison (including women, children, and camp followers) were to be permitted to take their arms, property, and a lac and a half of rupees with them into country boats provided for their reception, in which they were to proceed to Allahabad. The ingenuity of hell never before devised a blacker scheme of treachery than that deliberately planned by the Nena and shared in by all the rebels at Cawnpore, those rebels being Sepoys who for years had eaten our salt. Our poor, miserable, half-starved countrymen were conducted safely enough to the boats (officers, men, women, and children), and pushed off into the stream in full confidence in the good faith of these devils; but they had scarcely done so, when, on a signal given by the Nena himself, guns were opened upon them from the bank, and out of the forty boats they embarked in some were sunk, others set on fire, and the rest pushed over to the Oude side, where cavalry in waiting for them, in their eagerness to slay the Caffres (infidels), rode their horses belly deep into the river to meet the boats and cut and hack at our unhappy countrymen and women, who vainly tried to escape. One boat, however, actually did manage to run the terrible gauntlet successfully, and got ten miles down the river, but they were pursued, overtaken, captured, and brought back in triumph to the barracks, where the men were all shot and the women reserved for a worse fate.

THE WOMAN-KILLER OF BITHOOR.

Forty years ago, when Bajee Rao, the last Peishwa or sovereign of Poonah was overthrown, and his dominions annexed to the British Presidency of Bombay, a retreat was marked out for him at Bithoor, on the Ganges, twelve miles from Cawnpore. There, far removed from all Mahratta associations, but free to indulge his religious aspirations in the proximity of holy cities and the society of kindred Brahmins, he passed the remainder of his life in splendid ease, receiving a magnificent income from the Government which had been driven by his own faithlessness to dethrone him. Childless himself, he adopted, after the Hindoo fashion, the son of a man obscure in position, but of his own nation and caste, a Mahratta Brahmin, and requested the British Government to recognize the adoption, with its consequences as to succession. The request was refused, and when the old man died, in 1851, his life estate lapsed to the Government. The adopted son continued to reside at Bithoor, in the possession of considerable wealth—derived from the Peishwa's savings—and was known as Nena Sahib of Bithoor. Doubtless he did not allow the recollection of his supposed wrongs to slumber. It seems highly probable that he was implicated from the first in the mutiny of the Cawnpore garrison; it is certain at least that he placed himself at the head of the mutineers, and drew to him the disaffected from all the neighboring districts.

THE LATEST SORTIE FROM DELHI.

An officer in the besieging force before Delhi writes: "On the morning of the 9th of July, 300 horsemen of the mutineer force ran headlong into our line, burst through the outlying pickets, and penetrated into the camp, being taken by a party of the 6th Carbineers for our own 9th Irregulars. The rapidity and noise of their rush frightened the horses of our regulars, which galloped back into the cavalry lines and gave the alarm. Before the rebels were encountered they had passed through the camp, and fired a volley into the tents. They halted in our rear on the banks of the canal, and made a stand there. They were taken in flank by some artillery, under Major Tombs, and cavalry of the 6th and mounted guards, from the Subzee Munde road, who nearly massacred them all. Major Tombs with his own hand shot one and cut down two. The evident intention of this desperate rush was to divert our attention from a general attack which now commenced from a force of 6000 rebel infantry advancing rapidly on our pickets. Full details of this affair have not been given, but the engagement was severe, and the loss on both sides considerable. The mutineers hurried into the houses and inclosures, as usual, and our men got at them in several places with the bayonet, killing in one inclosure upward of 150, and in a second about a hundred more."

THE BATTLE OF AGRA.

An officer present in this battle thus describes it: "On the morning of July 3d, the Kotah contingent mutinied and went off to the insurgents. Agra was thus cleared of native regiments and left with only one infantry regiment, the 3d Europeans. People were of course alarmed, but still thought the fellows were gone off clear, when the intelligence came that a large force was moving on Agra. On the morning of the 5th July the news was confirmed; they were only some five miles away when it was determined (wisely or not is a question not to be mooted now) to go out and meet them. Our force consisted of about 650 European Infantry and one battery of guns, their force consisted of 4000 infantry, 1500 cavalry, and 11 guns—frightful odds. We arrived on an open plain and found the enemy in position behind a village, their guns flanking the village, their cavalry again flanking the guns; our little force formed a line with three guns on each flank, those on the right flank commanded by Captain D'Oyly and the left by Captain Pearson. We advanced thus within half a mile of them, when they opened the ball with a round shot from their left battery. Our one regiment, the 3d Europeans, got the order to lie down, the guns unlimbered, and then the fight commenced in earnest. From my own experience I can say nothing, but from that of others it was a hard fight of artillery for at least two hours, when one of the tumbrils of the left battery (ours) blew up; the fiends attempted a cheer, which dissolved itself into a yell. One of our guns was thus disabled. They threatened us then with a charge of cavalry, but they were immediately stopped by a rattling volley from the 3d Europeans. After a little more artillery practice, the line got the word 'Advance,' and gallantly they did it, under a heavy fire of artillery and infantry, the mutinied 72d Regiment of native infantry having their rifle company in the village, picking our poor fellows off; but they paid dearly for it afterward; a rush was made on the village, and it was carried and surrounded. We were still to be unfortunate, for another tumbril in the left battery was blown up; we therefore had only four guns, and, strange to say, no ammunition, for the artillery, by some—what shall I say? mistake, oversight—well, never mind what—no spare ammunition had been brought out. Thus we had carried the village, driven them from their position, and then no ammunition. Of course, immediately they found their artillery was not answered, they knew there was something wrong with us, and advanced upon their old position. We had to retire under a heavy fire, and threatened on each side by their cavalry; but the fellows had not the pluck to attack us even then; they made several attempts, but a volley always sent them to the right about. We, however, arrived safely at the fort, and immediately afterward the work of destruction commenced. The budmashes (Indian thieves) immediately began to plunder. Bungalows on every side were set on fire; one continual blaze the whole night. I went out the next morning; 'twas a dreadful sight indeed. Agra was destroyed—churches, colleges, dwelling-houses, barracks, every thing burned."

SELLING ARMS TO THE MUTINEERS.

A London paper says: "Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that a mercantile house in Calcutta has actually sold a thousand Minié rifles to the natives, and that no attempt has been made by the local government to check the sale which is still proceeding. This intelligence comes from a highly respectable firm in Calcutta, and may be relied upon. From other and trustworthy sources we have heard of more than one sordid establishment in Calcutta making money by the sale of weapons which might be turned against their countrymen. The government might have prohibited the traffic, but it was too busy gagging the Press."

CHINA.

PLEASURES OF LIFE AT HONG KONG.

The special correspondent of the London *Times* gives a lively description of life at Hong Kong. He writes:

"The few who are daring enough to go out in the sun, try to escape from themselves by a voyage round the island of Hong Kong, or a trip to Macao. I have accomplished both these achievements. The voyage round the island was performed in a private pleasure steamer, and notwithstanding the presence of a well-filled refrigerator, was the hottest thing I ever did in my life. It is a voyage of 40 miles round this little island. It is scarcely more to Macao, and although the fate of the *Thistle* and the *Queen* has rendered the perils of that passage more notorious, I doubt whether there are more pirates lurking in the archipelago between Victoria and Macao than in the islets at the back of Hong Kong. While we gaily steamed along in our little toy steamer several times did some vicious-looking junks stand down toward us, their large mat sails looking like the wings of a bird of prey, and heavy cannon frowning mischief from their deck. But they always stood off again when they found that we were a party of eight Englishmen with revolvers in our belts and rifles lying close at hand. We grow used to precautions in this land. Some days since I went to dinner at a house high up upon the hill, and expressing some surprise at seeing all the guests solemnly depositing their revolvers as they entered, was told that a few weeks since a headless trunk was found in the ditch that passes by the wall of the garden. Seven days ago, Mr. Chisholm Anstey, Her Majesty's Attorney-General, was at Macao upon some professional business, and going out to enjoy a swim before breakfast, took his comprador with him to guard his clothes. Coming back to the city, the comprador, who was a native of that neighborhood, remarked that six fellows, of whose antecedents he had some knowledge, had posted themselves three on each side of a narrow place which he and his master must pass. This fact being communicated to Her Majesty's law officer, he drew his revolver, and walked up to affront the danger. The scoundrels retired precipitately, but with many imprecations upon their countryman, the comprador. But ah, Chung, and Ching, and Wang, and Lin, had you but known how rusty and unserviceable that pistol was, you would have come on boldly with your fifteen-foot spears; the bag of dollars would have been yours! Why so faint-hearted? That head was worth $500 to you and Yeh! The passage boats to Macao are little armories. There are cannon upon deck and revolvers in every belt. But so it was on board the *Queen* when the cannon was turned round and fired into the cabin upon the passengers, absorbed in tiffin. Further precautions, however, are now taken. In the *Fei Ma* the Chinese passengers are put down into the hold twelve feet deep, and the ladder is taken away. A sailor keeps guard over them with a drawn cutlass. One of the Yankee ships has an iron cage on deck, into which the Chinese passengers are invited to walk, and are then locked up. The Peninsular and Oriental boat has a better but more costly precaution—she carries no Chinese passengers. Easy, cozy people at home, who fear nothing but the gout or an easterly wind, may laugh, or may even, perhaps, be very indignant at these precautions. But two boats out of five have been already taken, and the passengers put to death. Death at the hands of those simple sons of civilization is not an easy transit. The *Bustard* gun-boat only a few days since, on taking a pirate, found two men nailed to planks, each with a stink-pot tied round his neck, and slow-matches burning. By what torments the prisoners taken in the *Queen* perished we do not know. She was carried up to that very Fatshan Creek where the battle of the 1st of June took place. Pieces of machinery marked by fire were seen on a point near the fort; some revolvers were found in one of the junks; and Captain Corbett obtained a Portuguese flag from a mandarin boat which afterward blew up. These circumstances do not absolutely prove, but they strongly suggest, that some scene of horrors was enacted in this spot, and that the fleet we destroyed were spectators of the tortures. Every man in that fleet has been a pirate, and there would be no lack of proficients in the art of producing agony."

SIAM.

THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR PORTSMOUTH AT BANGKOK—VISIT FROM THE SECOND KING.

The United States sloop of war *Portsmouth*, now in the China seas, has been to Siam for the purpose of exchanging ratifications of the treaty lately concluded between that country and the United States. The exchange was satisfactorily accomplished after a stay of nearly three weeks in Bangkok. One of the officers connected with the expedition sends the following account of the visit to a journal of this city: "Our stay in Bangkok was made very pleasant by the generous hospitality of the Siamese Government. Not only did they send on board the ship repeated presents of fruits, vegetables, etc., for the officers and crew, but they insisted that Mr. Bradley, the bearer of the treaty, together with Captain Foote and his officers, should be the guests of the Government during the *Portsmouth's* stay. The former palace of the Prime Minister was assigned to our use—and their majesties, the First and Second Kings, seem desirous to prove, by every means in their power, their friendly disposition toward our country.

"Just before the *Portsmouth* sailed, the Second King, in compliance with an invitation from Captain Foote, came down the river from Bangkok to our anchorage, thirty-five miles distant, in order to visit the ship; and was so much gratified with his visit that he repeated it the next day, remaining on board nearly the whole of each day. He was accompanied by his son, Prince George Washington, and by a suite of officers and nobles. This is the first time that a King of Siam has ever visited a man-of-war, and it is justly received as an act expressive of the most cordial friendship toward the United States. His Majesty was received with the customary salute of twenty-one guns, with manned yards, and with other appropriate demonstrations."

TURKEY.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE OF PRINCE GHIKA.

A witness of the death of Prince Ghika, late Hospodar of Moldavia, gives the following details of that melancholy occurrence: "Prince Ghika, the soul of the national party which demands the union and a foreign prince for the Danubian principalities, had for friends all well-thinking men, and for enemies some ambitious men of both the upper and lower classes, who contended for power and emoluments. After his retirement, the latter having come into power, it was natural for them to persecute him by attacking that which he held most dear—his honor. A commission was formed by the Caimacan Balche to demand an account of the public money. This caused him the more pain that the revenues of the State, not having been sufficient for the benefits of all kinds which he wished to confer on Moldavia, he had expended a third part of his private fortune in carrying out his views, so that instead of enriching himself as his predecessors for the last one hundred and fifty years had done, he actually impoverished himself. The commission, however, through the interference of Reschid Pacha was dissolved, and all further proceedings put an end to. On the evening of his death the writer of these details was with the Prince and Princess at their Chateau du Mée. The Prince having made a movement to retire, the Princess said, 'Mon ami, M. Valiant' (the name of the writer) 'is about to leave; stop for a few moments longer, and we will go up stairs together.' The Prince, however, left the room, went up stairs, embraced his children, and in an instant after the report of a fire-arm was heard—the Prince had blown out his brains. He had removed a crucifix which he wore suspended round his neck, as though he would not profane the sacred emblem. The following declaration and adieux were extracted from his will: 'Chateau du Mée, August 24. I am the victim of an abominable plot, and, innocent as I know myself to be, I can not live. A day must come when the truth will be known. I await my enemies at the tribunal of God.' 'Chateau du Mée, August 24. Adieu, my beloved wife—you whom I adore, and who love me. Embrace our little angels for me. You know how much I have suffered during my reign; and when I was only thinking of living tranquilly in the bosom of my family, my enemies pursued me into my retreat. The monsters wish to make me out a forger, and to dishonor me. God will one day disclose this execrable plot, and these wretches will be unmasked.' These two notes, as well as the will itself, were written on one sheet of paper, on the same day; and the firm writing denoted the greatest calmness and presence of mind."

ALGERIA.

MURDEROUS OUTBREAK OF FANATICISM.

The following letter, dated the 25th of August, has been received from Algiers: "On Saturday last, about half past four in the afternoon, the quarter of Algiers comprised between Medea Street and Lyle Street was the scene of a most tragic occurrence.

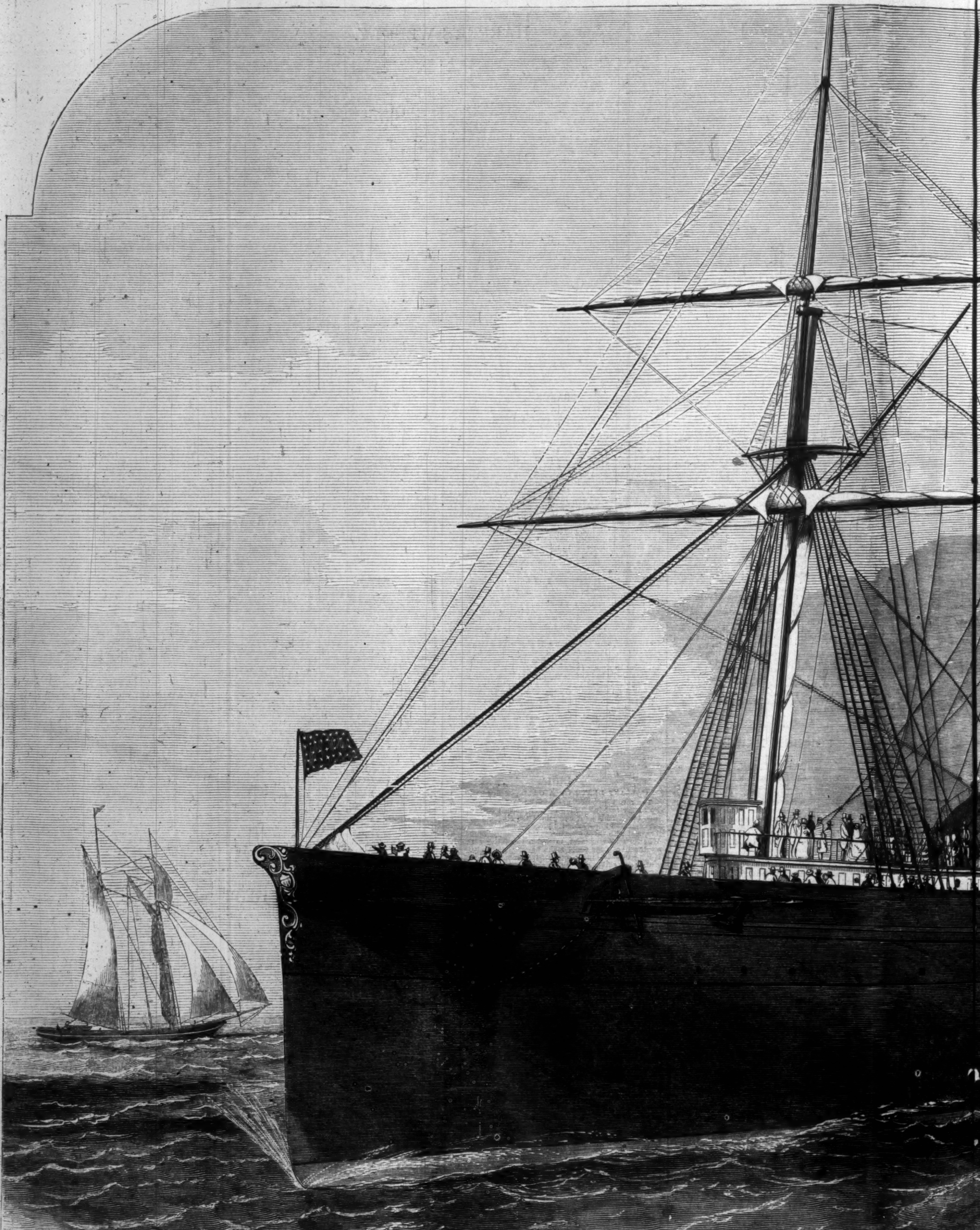
"A native, twenty years of age, named Soliman Ben Mohammed, a journeyman, born in the Bouzareah, rushed out of Crane Street, where he resided, and, armed with an iron-shod stick, a perfect and most formidable club, attacked every Israelite, man, woman, and child, whom he met on his way.

"It was the Sabbath-day, and at the hour when Jewish wives and daughters, decked out in their richest attire, stand in front of their houses. At them alone, and the men of their race, Soliman aimed his blows, paying no attention (which is remarkable) to the Spanish or French wives and daughters that inhabit this very populous quarter.

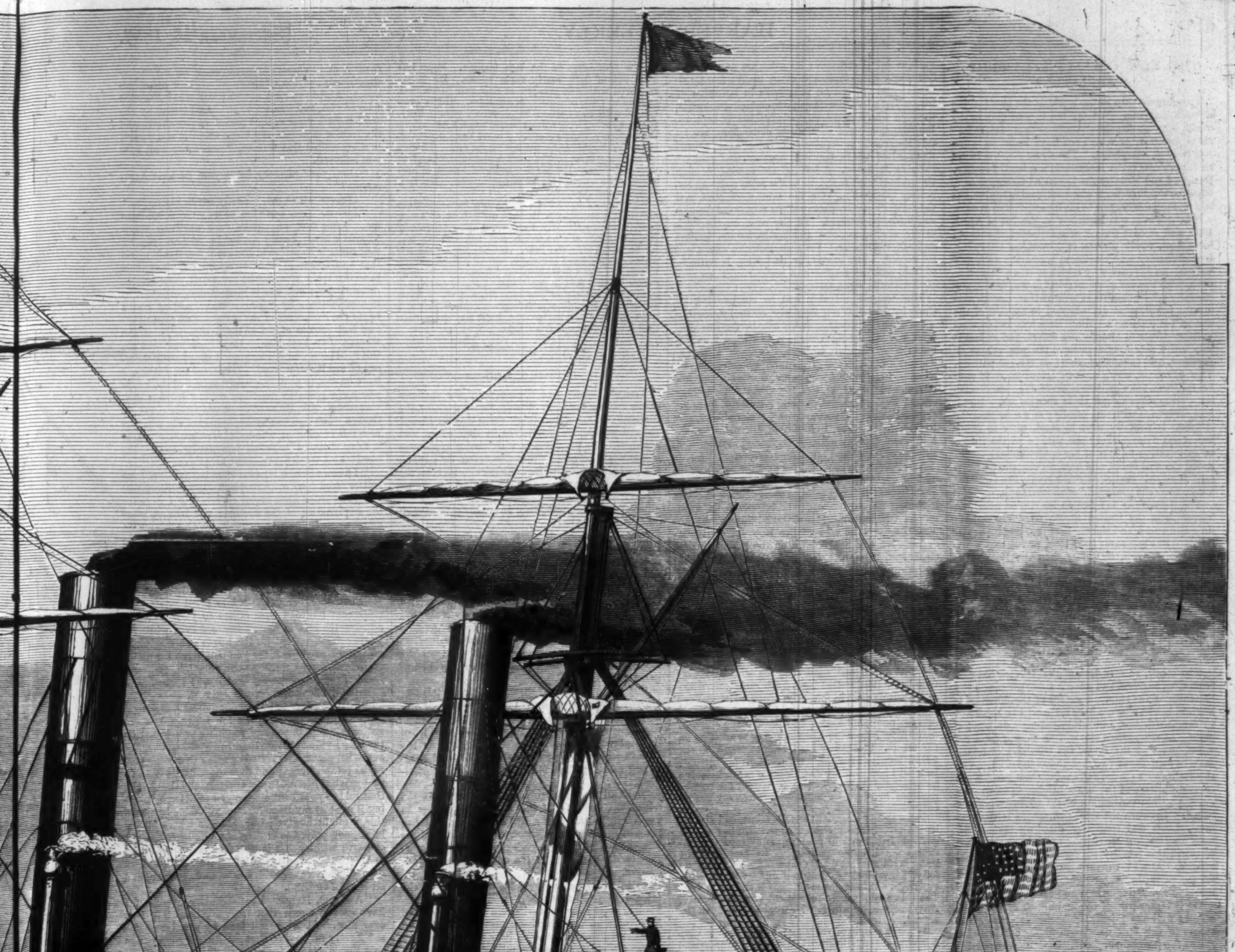
"Running onward like a raging madman, he struck with his club a man named David Nouchi, a dealer in cattle, who, receiving a blow on the head, was conveyed to the city hospital, where he shortly after expired. The Arab next wounded six married or single Jewish women more or less severely, of whom one has died this afternoon.

"Imagine the terror and confusion resulting from such a scene. The Jews, who witnessed it, cried out 'Bou! Bou!' but did not interfere, and let matters take their course. A resolute fellow was wanted to disarm this homicidal madman. Fortunately there was such a courageous individual, a Maltese, who mastered him and handed him over to the police.

"Soliman was in a state of furious intoxication, from having drunk the unreduced absinthe and smoked kif, the use of which is prohibited by the police regulations."



THE COLLINS STEAMER "ADRIATIC," T



," THE LARGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD.

THE NEW COLLINS STEAMSHIP "ADRIATIC."

THE largest ship in the world is the new Collins steamer, *Adriatic*. We say the largest ship in the world, because the *Great Eastern*—that almost fabulous monster, of which we have heard so much—is not yet completed. The *Great Eastern* is yet an experiment; the *Adriatic* is a splendid reality. Designed and built by the lamented George Steers, whose premature death was a national calamity, she is a worthy monument to his incomparable genius.

The *Adriatic* was launched on the 7th of April, 1856, and at that time it was supposed she would have been ready for sea in November following. Unfortunately an experiment was made with new valves—an invention by which it was proposed to economize the use of steam; but it was found, after many trials, that these new valves, though successful *per se*, were not adapted to engines of the size of the *Adriatic's*. Much time was lost in unavailing efforts to remedy the defect, and at last it was found necessary to remove the new valves altogether, and substitute others on the old pattern. This, of course, was a most laborious job. It may be, too, that, from private reasons, the owners were not overanxious to get their ship to sea. But it was otherwise with the public; and now that the *Adriatic* is actually soon to start, after so many vexatious delays, every one will be on the tip-toe of expectation to hear of her achievements—what speed she will make, and how royally she will distance any ship that our British rivals can enter for a race over the great field of the Atlantic.

The *Adriatic* is 354 feet in length, or nine feet longer than the United States frigate *Niagara*; fifty feet broad, and thirty-three feet two inches in depth. She measures 5900 tons, or 700 tons more than the *Niagara*, 800 more than the *Vanderbilt*, and 2900 more than the *Atlantic!* So perfect is she in all her proportions—so graceful in every curve, and so exquisitely modeled—that, as she sits upon the water, the spectator at a short distance would hardly give her credit for half the size. She can accommodate over 300 first-class, and about sixty second-class passengers, and carry some 2000 tons of cargo.

The upper, or spar deck of the *Adriatic* extends from stem to stern, and affords a fine promenade on each side of the ship. Forward of the foremast is a wheel-house, where a helmsman will be stationed in foggy weather, and while entering or leaving port. At other times she will be steered from the wheel-house at the stern, the windows of which may be seen about two feet above the deck. The sky-lights over the fire and engine-room hatches are carried up beyond the usual height, so as to give every possible ventilation to the toiling workmen below. Between the smoke-chimneys is the captain's large and elegantly fitted-up state-room, with his sleeping apartment adjoining; the other rooms in this locality are for the first and second officers. Abaft the mainmast are two large ventilators, perfectly water-tight, and forming sky-lights to the dining-saloon and cabin below.

On the after-part of the main deck of the *Adriatic* we find the principal wheel-house, the state-rooms of the four quarter-masters, and retiring rooms for gentlemen. A little farther forward is the smoking room, through which the passengers may go out on deck, or enter the sumptuous dining saloon. This room is seventy-five feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and is furnished with three rows of tables. Two hundred people can here sit down to dinner at the same time. The ceiling is finished in oak, the beams being supported on pilasters with angle trusses, representing heads of different animals, and ornamented with clusters of fruits and flowers. On either side of the apartment are twelve windows, the glass of which is stained with pictures, flowers, fruits, and birds; while the space between the windows is divided into forty-two panels, adorned with groups of fruit, flowers, fish, and game, worked in oak-dyed papier-mache, but resembling very closely elaborately-carved oak. The seats in the dining room are upholstered in rich crimson velvet, and the curtains are of heavy silk. Passing forward from the dining saloon we reach the gangway amidships, paved with richly-colored tesselated tiles, and decorated like the saloon. A stair-way descends here to the lower cabin and state-rooms. The pantries, fitted up with racks for glass-ware and plate-glass cases for silver-ware, are on the other side of the gangway, and from the former a half-door opens to the kitchen, to facilitate the business of the cooks and stewards. The kitchen boasts of a notable improvement, being a sort of canopy over the fires, to carry off the smell of the food into one of the great smoke-chimneys. Beyond the kitchen is the engine-gallery, running across the ship, and from this stand-point a good view of the machinery can be obtained.

The *Adriatic* has two oscillating engines, said to have a propelling power equal to 2800 horses. There are eight principal boilers, each with furnaces ranged side by side, so that the whole number of furnaces is forty-eight. Besides these there are two extra boilers to be used when desired. The vessel will carry, for the supply of her boilers during a single passage across the Atlantic, from 1200 to 1500 tons of coal.

Beyond the engine-gallery are large ice and store houses, fire-hatches for the delivery of the refuse of the fire-room, the forward gangway leading to the cabin, store-rooms of oilers, boatswain, and carpenters, the purser's and other officers' rooms, and the large dining-saloon of the second-cabin passengers. This last communicates by an inside stair-way with the sleeping apartments. Still further forward is the sailors' forecastle.

Descending from the after-part of the ship to the main cabin, we find that apartment furnished in the most luxurious manner. The carpets and furniture covering are of a pure white ground, wrought with wreaths and bouquets of flowers, and the wood work is carved and highly polished in antique style. At every available angle mirrors have been placed with the most happy effect. The stern of the vessel, in this room, forms a semicircle, supported by antique spiral columns; its sides are occupied by 130 state-rooms, broken at every twelve feet by alcoves; and the ceiling is painted in imitation of fresco, and adorned with gilt diamonded ornaments, through which a constant ventilation is kept up. Paintings, covered with thick plate-glass, are let into the panels at regular intervals; while around them inlaid woods, marbles, bronzes, and gold are lavishly bestowed. A soft light streaming through the stained windows gives to the room quite an imposing appearance. On the same deck, and past the forward smoke-stack, are the rooms for the second-cabin passengers. In the bow, on the deck below, are store-rooms and berths for the waiters and other servants. On this deck the cargo will be stowed. The lowest, or coal-deck, is entirely of iron, and the engine and boiler-rooms are covered with the same material.

This magnificent ship will be commanded by Captain James West, formerly of the steamship *Atlantic*. Her working force, numbering one hundred and eighty-eight men, is distributed as follows: 1 commander, 4 mates, 1 surgeon, 1 purser, 4 quarter-masters, 2 carpenters, 1 boatswain, 36 seamen, 1 engineer, 3 assistants, 6 superintendents of fires and boilers, 4 oilers, 2 engineers' store-keepers, 24 firemen, 36 coal-passers, 1 steward, 3 assistants, 36 waiters, 3 stewardesses, 2 store-keepers, 1 barkeeper, 1 barber, 1 chief-cook, 1 assistant-cook, 1 baker, 2 pastry-cooks, 2 engineers' messmen, 2 keepers of lamps and oil, 1 hose-keeper.

The *Adriatic* is provided for every emergency in case of accident. She has more than a sufficient quantity of life-boats to save passengers and crew if it ever should be necessary to escape by such means. Mains are also distributed throughout the vessel, so that in case of fire it could easily be quenched. She is also built on the life-boat principle, and, being divided into eight water-tight compartments, may be kept afloat under very adverse circumstances. It is estimated that the *Adriatic* has cost her owners considerably over a million of dollars.

EGO AND I.

I HAVE but one enemy in the world—a confounded fellow called Ego. He and I were the best possible friends formerly, when we were boys together—though he got me into a few school-scrapes now and again, and once made me run away from home—and had a merry time of it on the whole. But when I grew up to manhood the fellow became my ruin. He spent all my money; he would insist on my drinking too much brandy; he urged me on to quarrels; he taught me how to gamble; in short, he undertook to convey me by express to the devil.

The worst of it is that the fellow has, and always had, a certain fascination for me. He has such a gay, plausible way of leading me astray. Whenever I am led into temptation by him, and the thing is all over, and I am mourning over my past folly, I invariably find myself endeavoring to excuse Ego. He did not mean that it should end so. The thing might have turned out very differently. Any body—why not Ego?—would have been deceived.

When, a couple of years ago, I undertook to keep a bachelor's establishment of splendid proportions on two thousand dollars a year, it was Ego that persuaded me to this rash step.

"My dear fellow," said Ego, "you will save by it. You can get a nice small house for five hundred a year. Your dress will cost you five hundred more; and for fifteen hundred additional you can supply your modest table and personal expenses. This, you observe, will be five hundred more than your income, but that small sum you will more than realize by having a home of your own. You will remain more within doors; you will work more; and the chances are that instead of adding five hundred you will add a thousand dollars to your income."

I took the house, at a rent of six hundred; but, as Ego said, what difference did *one* hundred dollars make to me in the long-run. I furnished it; that cost me two thousand, the payment of which, as I had no ready money, I had to guarantee in monthly installments, with a mortgage on the goods to my creditor. I was obliged to have two servants, who robbed me. I am not inhospitable, and, as I have a large acquaintance of young men about town who like a good bottle of wine, my first three months in my new domicile was a scene of dinners, suppers, and Champagne breakfasts. Not much work done that quarter. But Ego told me that next quarter I could make up for lost time. Somehow I didn't. How could I? Men dined with me every day. From dinner they remained to supper. Generally had too much wine to go home. Plenty of spare beds in a bachelor's house, you know. Of course a breakfast next morning. Who would think of giving an ordinary breakfast to a lot of seedy men who went to bed the night before half drunk, and who wake up with unstrung nerves and a craving for stimulus? Overture of Champagne cock-tails; then, an hour afterward, oysters, deviled turkey, omelets, *paté de foie gras*, with et ceteras. Sauterne, claret, culminating in Moet and Chandon's Imperial. Then the *demi tasse*, with the *pousse café* of Kirchwasser, brandy, and Curaçoa. After all, cigars and conversation far into the day.

Meals such as this can not in any country be called inexpensive, and a series of them recurring three times a week brings up the household bills to quite an aristocratic proportion. Such meals, besides, have the curious property of disinclining a person for work. Now when a person spends money very fast, and doesn't make any, the result must be an aperture in the vocal composition, otherwise a hole in the ballad. Ego himself could not controvert this.

Of course there was soon a hole in my ballad. My furniture was seized. Not having been able to pay my rent, I was unceremoniously ordered out of possession. I had a host of infuriated tradesmen hovering round me, as the Cossacks hovered round Napoleon's army in retreat. To crown all my misfortunes, I had to board. Board, after six months of such luxury as mine! The reverse was terrific.

I have been in difficulties ever since, but would have saved enough to have gotten myself out of them long ago, if it had not been for this abominable Ego. Ego is always seducing me into spending in some frivolity the money destined for a better purpose. He whispers to me that I must have a new coat—one of the late fashion. Mine has been out of date nearly three weeks. He is enraptured with a breast-pin at Ball and Black's—a charming trifle of eighty-five dollars. He is consumed with envy when he perceives young Beelzebub wearing long winter boots, when I have only the ordinary Wellingtons. I must have a pair of enameled leather. So the fellow goes on. There's no resisting him, he has such a pleasant, plausible way with him. He has a wonderful knack of presenting the bright side of things to you. He is a dangerous fellow, this Ego.

Seriously, I have been cogitating for some time quarreling outright with Ego, only I don't know how to accomplish it. I can't cut him; the fellow *won't be* cut. It's no use to tell him to leave me, for he won't take the hint. He has been with me so long that I have become a sort of second nature to him. I can't fight him, on account of our near relationship; and I can't kick him, because my gymnastic education has been neglected. I have sometimes thought of a refuge—suicide. But if I were to blow my brains out, I am not quite sure that I would escape from Ego.

HONORA LEE.

THE old library was darkened by the shadows of the coming evening, already stealing along the furthest corners of the dingy room that in B——, the village I write of, rejoiced in that name, and gladdened the inhabitants with choice specimens of the world of books otherwise lying far beyond the reach of most of the villagers. But to the two occupying it the gathering shadows made no change, and their voices stole gently through the quiet atmosphere, wakening no echoes save in each other's listening heart.

"You blame me, Honora, and I don't wonder. I have felt that I have wronged you deeply, and now would gladly offer you the only *amende* possible."

"There is no *amende* possible, Richard; no word that you can utter *now*, that will reunite the broken chain of respect and affection! You say truly that I blame you; but neither in anger nor in grief do I remind you that all the sorrow of my life has sprung from my acquaintance with you: all the loneliness of these long years is due to your ungenerous delay."

"Honora, if not in sorrow nor in anger, tell me, Do you blame me with the tenderness of your woman's nature? do you—can you—love me?"

"Love you, Richard? Never! The time when that might have been is past!" And truly the tone in which Honora Lee spoke to Richard Armstrong told that love for him was no longer possible to her.

Yet still he pleaded with her, urged his old friendship, and a belief that she had loved him in years long past. For a little while Honora Lee listened to the words he uttered; and surely there was enough in the speaker's manner and appearance to stir the heart of the noble woman he addressed.

Tall and vigorous in figure, apparently in the prime of life, with a noble countenance—now marble-like in its pallor from the pain her words caused him—with an unfailing command of the graceful sentences a woman loves to hear, and with many virtues, Richard Armstrong might well have hoped to win even such a woman as the one before him, on whose half-averted face the glow of pride yet lingered, and in whose sweet voice many tones were blended when she spoke again.

"Richard, by the single sentence you have just uttered, you betray the secret of your life. It matters but little that you have said, 'I once loved you;' and far less to you than you will now admit that I never can love you again. But that my nature may be satisfied, and, oh, that I might add that yours may be ennobled! I will tell you why I no longer trust the treasures of my heart's fondest hopes to your care. Do you remember our first meeting?"

"Honora, yes. Let me speak," he added, as she sought to interrupt him. "I remember you as you sat in the shaded light of your uncle's study, the soft folds of your muslin dress resting lovingly around you, and your tiny white hands moved to the melody of your own thought, as you spoke eagerly of your pleasure in the golden summer of the year. Your hair, Honora, was worn more off your face then, and the smile that broke every now and then over your countenance, told of a lighter heart than you now wear. Oh, yes! I can well remember our first meeting; and your words moved me as but few women have the power to move one of an iron nature like my own. Do you remember what we talked of, Honora? how from the shadows of the sunshine, playing their game upon the fields of grain already ripening for the sickle, our thoughts and words wandered away to other themes, and in the words of many a favorite author we painted the pictures we most loved? Do you remember, as I sat beside you, the sudden earnestness with which you turned and said, 'Shadows are the frames wherein many glorious masterpieces are set;' and, with a thrilling heart, I listened as you pursued your fancy, and added, 'And very few are the pictures that are not rendered more beautiful by such setting?' Ah! Honora, I did not dream then of the dark hue your life would gain from me."

"Richard, you will not interrupt me again, for I must speak—" and the strength of her will raised her voice to the tone of a command he was forced to obey.

"I do remember that night well—and that you listened to me and responded in the key I had so casually struck, may be the reason that I listened with new interest to your words. I remember the look with which you turned to me, and, 'Miss Lee, hereafter we shall be friends;' and even then your proud self-reliance annoyed me, and I replied, '*Hereafter* it may be.' I know the words were rude, but I learned to catch your spirit even on that night; and sadly has it bruised me in the conflict I have endured. After that, Richard, you came very often to my uncle's house. I knew your step upon the threshold of the door. I listened till you came near to me—and then I rose to meet you ceremoniously, as the strangest of all new acquaintances. And do you ask me why this was? Because I loved you, and you knew it. And when, by the sudden flush your voice kindled on my cheek, and the tremor it taught my hand when it met yours, you knew that this was so, I remember well how you behaved.

"Does your memory serve you, Richard Armstrong?"

"Honora, spare me. I only am to blame."

"Listen. Your punishment may not come from me. After that you spoke such words as every woman's heart knows should be spoken only by that being who places his future in her hands; and that I turned from them with a fear of what their meaning truly was should not merit your blame. After that we met many, many times—always, be it remembered, by your seeking; and at last I heard the comments of the cousins, and knew that you had spoken of me as men only speak of the woman they best love. Have you not told me this? Have you not reminded me of your memory of my lightest words—treasured the authors I have quoted to you, and reminded me of the hours you have spent in dwelling on our earliest conversations. Oh, Richard! you are guilty; and although years ago you spoke lightly of the triumph men felt in winning woman's love—merely to cast it from them—I believed you nobler than your words, and trusted you—and loved you.

"I know not how it came upon me first, but soon I discovered your eye wandered when mine met it, and you turned from every opportunity I gave for the explanation of the change; and I heard your name more frequently uttered by the household round me, and dreaded lest I should betray the power it had over me. You know what followed—sickness and sorrow and the keenest grief to me, but naught but happiness to you, grew out of our destined separation. You knew of it, Richard, for your nature never yet failed to point you to the truth that I turned from others to yourself; and refusing the love of those I honored even while rejecting them, waited for the words you would not repeat. I say repeat, for you had given me many opportunities of knowing your affection, and once had left the subject to my decision. I turned from you then, for you knew me only as a stranger; and I did not dare to tell you how long a history a heart can pass through in a few hours. You did not speak, but instead of so doing you jested on the love I valued better than life itself, and scoffed at the happiness that rested on other than one's self for its completeness; and then came words of scorn that you had uttered in my absence, and the change that told of your own offense you repelled by placing it against my name. Had you done less than this, I might forgive; but that you whom I have loved, and prayed to be forgiven 'for loving aught on earth with such a love'—that you should dare to breathe the words that to others implied more than you have ever said, has wounded me beyond all hope of cure!"

"And yet, Honora, I must justify myself if I have spoken words that from my heart I grieve over now. At least, tell me why you blame me so severely for saying that *you* flirted, rather than that I had done so; for, after all, flirtation is a common offense, and few women resent the title of '*flirt*,' which implies the power of wounding many hearts; albeit, most of the wounds thus lightly made are lightly cured."

"Why do you, then, Richard Armstrong, shrink from having such a name given to the sister you are justly proud of claiming as your own, in her beauty and loveliness? Is it not that your own mind repels the thought of freedom that the name suggests? Do you not know hearts are tender things, and whether wounded by man or woman, never twice give forth their first full tone?"

"Honora, all do not see this matter as you do; few would blame me for the words so lightly uttered."

"Therefore I blame you the more! You breathe them lightly, and forget the poison they contain. You are yourself too frail to know how that woman can love who shrinks from the pollution contained in the name of flirt. Apart from this, were you not ungenerous in demanding from me the full assurance of my love ere you would grant me the full opportunity of refusing or accepting yours? No true woman would submit to such terms; and you knew my sentiment long before I dreamed of your power over my whole nature."

"Why so wrong, Honora, in this? Can a man never save himself from the mortification of a rejection without becoming subject to such censure as you imply I deserve?"

"Richard, I fancied your instincts were as true as woman's. No woman true to her own heart is misled in believing the man who seeks her, and by look and word gives evident tokens of his delight in her society, really loves her. If I have wronged you in supposing your nature as gently swayed as our own, forgive me."

"Honora, I have need of your utmost forgiveness and patience. Listen to me once more. What will your life be if you still refuse to listen to me? Your uncle's death places his property in other hands. In his will is no mention of your name; in his last words, no remembrance of your existence. You have been reared tenderly; your nature is too proud for daily contact with the annoyances of life; your love of beauty too great to suffer constant deprivation; and it may be, your frame too beautiful and frail to endure the trials of a life of dependence on your own exertions. Why may I not shelter you, Honora? Why may I not learn to love you, with a love that shall yet ennoble my whole nature, and make me worthy of your own pure affection? Honora! will you not hear me, and once more let my coming give you joy?"

Honora struggled for a moment to subdue the bitter memory of all that he recalled to her, then speaking slowly yet gently to him she said,

"Richard, it is too late; this *might have* been has passed beyond my reach, and I *can not love you!*"

For a moment her figure bent toward him, and with outstretched hands she met his raised in entreaty and despair toward her. Then, in the silence of the night, now deepening into gloom and deep darkness, they parted: she to tread sorrowfully up and down the narrow passage between the Library and her own room—for her home adjoined it; he to walk with a quick, angry step over the grass, crisp with the gathering frost, toward the splendid mansion in which he dwelt, and whence, on the morrow, his sister would go forth the bride of his earliest and most valued friend.

Honora Lee did not hesitate; her life lay before her, dark and lonely, and, therefore, demanding her utmost strength, and in a few weeks she was struggling to secure support amidst the crowded classes of a great metropolitan school.

And she succeeded; strength of will and self-reliance, with a true faith in the guiding Hand that, unseen, controls our way, gave her all she needed, and her woman's nature rose as a beacon among the struggling spirits of youth, and led many on in the way of purity and peace, who else had made shipwreck of their highest good. True, she could not bear to hear his name whom she had once loved, and it may be she felt the void that its echo showed existed in her heart, as she pursued her way amidst trial and toil down to the dark valley of Death.

And he, amidst much wealth and many enjoyments, sought for some spirit that might silence the accusing voice that, in his soul, ever blended the thought of Honora Lee with the words, "It might have been," sounding often upon his outer ear.

And if in his marriage at last with one unsuited to the best impulses of his nature, he suffered more keenly than ever before from the memory of the good he had once refused to treasure, when it waited to bless him, surely he but received that which many we know shall yet acknowledge is a just punishment for their sin.

A QUEEN'S REVENGE.

THE scene is Paris; the time is the close of the year sixteen hundred and fifty-seven; the persons are the Queen Christina, of Sweden, who had forsaken the religion for which her father fought so valiantly, her grand equerry, the Marquis Monaldeschi, and Father le Bel, of the Convent of Fontainebleau, a witness whose testimony we are shortly to cite.

Monaldeschi, as his name implies, was an Italian by birth. He was a handsome, accomplished man, refined in his manners, supple in his disposition, and possessed of the art of making himself eminently agreeable in the society of women. With these personal recommendations he soon won his way to the favor of Queen Christina. Out of the long list of her lovers not one of the many whom she encouraged caught so long and firm a hold of her capricious fancy as Monaldeschi. The intimacy between them probably took its rise, on her side at least, in as deep a sincerity of affection as it was in Christina's nature to feel. On the side of the Italian the connection was prompted solely by ambition. As soon as he had risen to the distinction and reaped all the advantages of the position of chief favorite in the Queen's court, he wearied of his royal mistress, and addressed his attentions secretly to a young Roman lady, whose youth and beauty powerfully attracted him, and whose fatal influence over his actions ultimately led to his ruin and his death.

After endeavoring to ingratiate himself with the Roman lady in various ways, Monaldeschi found that the surest means of winning her favor lay in satisfying her malicious curiosity on the subject of the private life and the secret frailties of Queen Christina. He was not a man who was troubled by any scrupulous feelings of honor when the interests of his own intrigues happened to be concerned; and he shamelessly took advantage of the position that he held toward Christina to commit breaches of confidence of the most inexcusably ungrateful and the most meanly infamous kind. He gave to the Roman lady the series of the Queen's letters to himself, which contained secrets that she had revealed to him in the fullest confidence of his worthiness to be trusted; more than this, he wrote letters of his own to the new object of his addresses, in which he ridiculed the Queen's fondness for him, and sarcastically described her smallest personal defects with a heartless effrontery, which the most patient and long-suffering of women would have found it impossible to forgive. While he was thus privately betraying the confidence that had been reposed in him, he was publicly affecting the most unalterable attachment and the most sincere respect for the Queen.

For some time this disgraceful deception proceeded successfully. But the hour of the discovery was appointed, and the instrument of effecting it was a certain cardinal who was desirous of supplanting Monaldeschi in the Queen's favor. The priest contrived to get possession of the whole correspondence which had been privately placed in the hands of the Roman lady, including, besides Christina's letters, the letters which Monaldeschi had written in ridicule of his royal mistress. The whole collection of documents was inclosed by the cardinal in one packet, and was presented by him, at a private audience, to the Queen.

The sixth of November, sixteen hundred and fifty-seven (writes Father le Bel), at a quarter past nine in the morning, Queen Christina, of Sweden, being at that time lodged in the Royal Palace of Fontainebleau, sent one of her men-servants to my convent to obtain an interview with me. The messenger, on being admitted to my presence, inquired if I was the superior of the convent, and, when I replied in the affirmative, informed me that I was expected to present myself immediately before the Queen of Sweden.

Fearful of keeping her majesty waiting, I followed the man at once to the palace, without waiting to take any of my brethren from the convent with me. After a little delay in the ante-chamber, I was shown into the Queen's room. She was alone, and I saw by the expression of her face, as I respectfully begged to be favored with her commands, that something was wrong. She hesitated for a moment, then told me, rather sharply, to follow her to a place where she might speak with the certainty of not being overheard. She led me into the Galerie des Cerfs, and, turning round on me suddenly, asked if we had ever met before. I informed her majesty that I had once had the honor of presenting my respects to her, that she had received me graciously, and that there the interview had ended. She nodded her head, and looked about her a little, then said, very abruptly, that I wore a dress (referring to my convent costume) which encouraged her to put perfect faith in my honor; and she desired me to promise beforehand that I would keep the secret with which she was about to intrust me as strictly as if I had heard it in the confessional. I answered respectfully that it was part of my sacred profession to be trusted with secrets; that I had never betrayed the private affairs of any one, and that I could answer for myself as worthy to be honored by the confidence of a Queen.

Upon this her majesty handed me a packet of papers sealed in three places, but having no superscription of any sort. She ordered me to keep it under lock and key, and to be prepared to give it her back again before any person in whose presence she might seem fit to ask me for it. She further charged me to remember the day, the hour, and the place in which she had given me the packet; and with that last piece of advice she dismissed me. I left her alone in the gallery, walking slowly away from me, with her head drooping on her bosom, and her mind, as well as I could presume to judge, perturbed by anxious thoughts.

On Saturday, the tenth of November, at one o'clock in the afternoon, I was sent for from Fontainebleau again. I took the packet out of my private cabinet, feeling that I might be asked for it, and then followed the messenger as before. This time he led me at once to the Galerie des Cerfs. The moment I entered it he shut the door behind me with such extraordinary haste and violence that I felt a little startled. As soon as I recovered myself I saw her majesty standing in the middle of the gallery, talking to one of the gentlemen of her court, who was generally known by the name of The Marquis, and whom I soon ascertained to be the Marquis Monaldeschi, Grand Equerry of the Queen of Sweden. I approached her majesty, and made my bow, then stood before her, waiting until she should think proper to address me.

With a stern look on her face, and with a loud, clear, steady voice, she asked me, before the Marquis and before three other men who were also in the gallery, for the packet which she had confided to my care. As she made that demand, two of the three men moved back a few paces, while the third, the captain of her guard, advanced rather nearer to her. I handed her back the packet. She looked at it thoughtfully for a little while, then opened it, and took out the letters and written papers which it contained, handed them to the Marquis Monaldeschi, and insisted on his reading them. When he had obeyed, she asked him, with the same stern look and the same steady voice, whether he had any knowledge of the documents which he had just been reading? The Marquis turned deadly pale, and answered that he had now read the papers referred to for the first time.

"Do you deny all knowledge of them?" said the Queen. "Answer me plainly, Sir. Yes or No?"

The Marquis turned paler still. "I deny all knowledge of them," he said, in faint tones, with his eyes on the ground.

"Do you deny all knowledge of these too?" said the Queen, suddenly producing a second packet of manuscript from under her dress, and thrusting it in the Marquis's face.

He started, drew back a little, and answered not a word. The packet which the Queen had given to me contained copies only. The original papers were those which she had just thrust in the Marquis's face.

"Do you deny your own seal and your own handwriting?" she asked.

He murmured a few words, acknowledging both the seal and the handwriting to be his own, and added some phrases of excuse, in which he endeavored to cast the blame that attached to the writing of the letters on the shoulders of other persons. While he was speaking, the three men in attendance on the Queen silently closed round him.

Her majesty heard him to the end. "You are a traitor," she said, and turned her back on him.

The three men, as she spoke those words, drew their swords.

The Marquis heard the clash of the blades against the scabbards, and, looking quickly round, saw the drawn swords behind him. He caught the Queen by the arm immediately, and drew her away with him, first into one corner of the gallery, then into another, entreating her in the most moving terms to listen to him, and to believe in the sincerity of his repentance. The Queen let him go on talking without showing the least sign of anger or impatience. Her color never changed; the stern look never left her countenance. There was something awful in the clear, cold, deadly resolution which her eyes expressed while they rested on the Marquis's face.

At last she shook herself free from his grasp, still without betraying the slightest irritation. The three men with the drawn swords, who had followed the Marquis silently as he led the Queen from corner to corner of the gallery, now closed round him again, as soon as he was left standing alone. There was perfect silence for a minute or more. Then the Queen addressed herself to me.

"Father," she said, "I charge you to bear witness that I treat this man with the strictest impartiality." She pointed, while she spoke, to the Marquis Monaldeschi with a little ebony riding-whip that she carried in her hand. "I offer that worthless traitor all the time he requires—more time than he has any right to ask for—to justify himself if he can."

The Marquis, hearing these words, took some letters from a place of concealment in his dress, and gave them to the Queen, along with a small bunch of keys. He snatched these last from his pocket so quickly, that he drew out with them a few small silver coins which fell to the floor. As he addressed himself to the Queen again, she made a sign with her ebony riding-whip to the men with the drawn swords, and they retired toward one of the windows of the gallery. I, on my side, withdrew out of hearing. The conference which ensued between the Queen and the Marquis lasted nearly an hour. When it was over, her Majesty beckoned the men back again with the whip, and then approached the place where I was standing.

"Father," she said, in her clear, ringing, resolute tones, "there is no need for me to remain here any longer. I leave that man," she pointed to the Marquis again, "to your care. Do all that you can for the good of his soul. He has failed to justify himself, and I doom him to die."

If I had heard sentence pronounced against myself, I could hardly have been more terrified than I was when the Queen uttered these last words. The Marquis heard them where he was standing, and flung himself at her feet. I dropped on my knees by his side, and entreated her to pardon him, or at least to visit his offense with some milder punishment than the punishment of death.

"I have said the words," she answered, addressing herself only to me; "and no power under Heaven shall make me unsay them. Many a man has been broken alive on the wheel for offenses which were innocence itself compared with the offense which this perjured traitor has committed against me. I have trusted him as I might have trusted a brother; he has infamously betrayed that trust; and I exercise my royal rights over the life of a traitor. Say no more to me. I tell you again, he is doomed to die."

With these words the Queen quitted the gallery, and left me alone with Monaldeschi and the three executioners who were waiting to kill him.

The unhappy man dropped on his knees at my feet, and implored me to follow the Queen, and make one more effort to obtain his pardon. Before I could answer a word, the three men surrounded him, held the points of their swords to his sides, without, however, actually touching him, and angrily recommended him to make his confession to me, without wasting any more time. I entreated them, with the tears in my eyes, to wait as long as they could, so as to give the Queen time to reflect, and, perhaps, to falter in her deadly intentions toward the Marquis. I succeeded in producing such an impression on the chief of the three men that he left us to obtain an interview with the Queen, and to ascertain if there was any change in her purpose. After a very short absence he came back, shaking his head.

"There is no hope for you," he said, addressing Monaldeschi. "Make your peace with Heaven. Prepare yourself to die!"

"Go to the Queen!" cried the Marquis, kneeling before me with clasped hands. "Go to the Queen yourself; make one more effort to save me! Oh, my father, my father, run one more risk—venture one last entreaty—before you leave me to die!"

"Will you wait till I come back?" I said to the three men.

"We will wait," they answered, and lowered their sword-points to the ground.

I found the Queen alone in her room, without the slightest appearance of agitation in her face or her manner. Nothing that I could say had the slightest effect on her. I adjured her by all that religion holds most sacred, to remember that the noblest privilege of any sovereign is the privilege of granting mercy; that the first of Christian duties is the duty of forgiving. She heard me unmoved. Seeing that entreaties were thrown away, I ventured, at my own proper hazard, on reminding her that she was not living now in her own kingdom of Sweden, but that she was the guest of the King of France, and lodged in one of his own palaces; and I boldly asked her, if she had calculated the possible consequences of authorizing the killing of one of her attendants inside the walls of Fontainebleau, without any preliminary form of trial, or any official notification of the offense that he had committed. She answered me coldly, that it was enough that she knew the unpardonable nature of the offense of which Monaldeschi had been guilty; that she stood in a perfectly independent position toward the King of France; that she was absolute mistress of her own actions, at all times and in all places; and that she was accountable to nobody under Heaven for her conduct toward her subjects and servants, over whose lives and liberties she possessed sovereign rights which no consideration whatever should induce her to resign.

Fearful as I was of irritating her, I still ventured on reiterating my remonstrances. She cut them short by hastily signing to me to leave her. As she dismissed me, I thought I saw a slight change pass over her face; and it occurred to me that she might not have been indisposed at that moment to grant some respite, if she could have done so without appearing to falter in her resolution, and without running the risk of letting Monaldeschi escape her. Before I passed the door, I attempted to take advantage of the disposition to relent which I fancied I had perceived in her; but she angrily reiterated the gesture of dismissal before I had spoken half a dozen words; and, with a heavy heart, I yielded to necessity, and left her.

On returning to the gallery, I found the three men standing round the Marquis, with their sword-points on the floor, exactly as I had left them.

"Is he to live or die?" they asked when I came in.

There was no need for me to reply in words; my face answered the question. The Marquis groaned heavily, but said nothing. I sat myself down on a stool, and beckoned to him to come to me, and begged him, as well as my terror and wretchedness would let me, to think of repentance, and to prepare for another world. He began his confession kneeling at my feet, with his head on my knees. After continuing it for some time, he suddenly started to his feet with a scream of terror. I contrived to quiet him, and to fix his thoughts again on heavenly things. He completed his confession, speaking sometimes in Latin, sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, according as he could best explain himself in the agitation and misery which now possessed him.

Just as he had concluded, the Queen's chaplain entered the gallery. Without waiting to receive absolution, the unhappy Marquis rushed away from me to the chaplain, and, still clinging desperately to the hope of life, he besought him to intercede with the Queen. The two talked together in low tones, holding each other by the hand. When their conference was over, the chaplain left the gallery again, taking with him the chief of the three executioners who were appointed to carry out the Queen's deadly purpose. After a short absence this man returned without the chaplain. "Get your absolution," he said briefly to the Marquis, "and make up your mind to die."

Saying these words, he seized Monaldeschi, pressed him back against the wall at the end of the gallery, just under the picture of Saint Germain; and, before I could interfere, or even turn aside from the sight, aimed at the Marquis's right side with his sword. Monaldeschi caught the blade with his hand, cutting three of his fingers in the act. At the same moment the point touched his side and glanced off. Upon this, the man who had struck at him exclaimed, "He has armor under his clothes," and, at the same moment, stabbed Monaldeschi in the face. As he received the wound he turned round toward me, and cried out loudly, "My father! My father!"

I advanced toward him immediately; and, as I did so, the man who had wounded him retired a little, and signed to his two companions to withdraw also. The Marquis, with one knee on the ground, asked pardon of God, and said certain last words in my ear. I immediately gave him absolution, telling him that he must atone for his sins by suffering death, and that he must pardon those who were about to kill him. Having heard my words, he threw himself forward on the floor, and, as he fell, one of the three executioners who had not assailed him as yet, struck at his head, and wounded him on the surface of the skull.

The Marquis sank on his face; then raised himself a little, and signed to the men to kill him outright by striking him on the neck. The same man who had last wounded him obeyed by cutting two or three times at his neck, without, however, doing him any great injury. For it was indeed true that he wore armor under his clothes, which armor consisted of a shirt of mail weighing nine or ten pounds, and rising so high round his neck, inside his collar, as to defend it successfully from any chance blow with a sword.

Seeing this, I came forward to exhort the Marquis to bear his sufferings with patience, for the remission of his sins. While I was speaking, the chief of the three executioners advanced, and asked me if I did not think it was time to give Monaldeschi the finishing stroke. I pushed the man violently away from me, saying that I had no advice to offer on the matter, and telling him that if I had any orders to give, they would be for the sparing of the Marquis's life, and not for the hastening of his death. Hearing me speak in those terms, the man asked my pardon, and confessed that he had done wrong in addressing me on the subject at all.

He had hardly finished making his excuses to me when the door of the gallery opened. The unhappy Marquis, hearing the sound, raised himself from the floor, and seeing that the person who entered was the Queen's chaplain, dragged himself along the gallery, holding on by the tapestry that hung from the walls, until he reached the feet of the holy man. There he whispered a few words (as if he was confessing) to the chaplain, who, after first asking my permission, gave him absolution, and then returned to the Queen.

As the chaplain closed the door, the man who had struck the Marquis on the neck stabbed him with a long narrow sword in the throat, just above the edge of the shirt of mail. Monaldeschi sank on his right side, and spoke no more. For a quarter of an hour longer he still breathed, during which time I prayed by him, and exhorted him as I best could. When the bleeding from this last wound ceased, his life ceased with it. It was then a quarter to four o'clock. The death agony of the miserable man had lasted, from the time of the Queen's first pronouncing sentence on him, for nearly three hours.

I said the De Profundis over his body. While I was praying the three men sheathed their swords, and the chief of them rifled the Marquis's pockets. Finding nothing on him but a prayer-book and a small knife, the chief beckoned to his companions, and they all three marched to the door in silence, went out, and left me alone with the corpse.

A few minutes afterward I followed them, to go and report what had happened to the Queen. I thought her color changed a little when I told her that Monaldeschi was dead; but those cold, clear eyes of hers never softened, and her voice was still as steady and firm as when I first heard its tones on entering the gallery that day. She spoke very little, only saying to herself, "He is dead, and he deserved to die!" Then, turning to me, she added, "Father, I leave the care of burying him to you; and, for my own part, I will charge myself with the expense of having masses enough said for the repose of his soul." I ordered the body to be placed in a coffin, which I instructed the bearers to remove to the church-yard on a tumbril, in consequence of the great weight of the corpse, of the misty rain that was falling, and of the bad state of the roads. On Monday, the 12th of November, at a quarter to six in the evening, the Marquis was buried in the parish church of Avon, near the font of holy water. The next day the Queen sent one hundred livres, by two of her servants, for masses for the repose of his soul.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XV.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Leaving Nazareth. — A Taktarawan. — The Procession with our Sick Girl. — Mount Tabor. — The Plain of Galilee. — Approach to the Sea of Galilee. — Last hours of Miss Warren. — Her Death on the Sea-shore. — Kindness of the people of Tiberias. — A Grave on the hill-side.

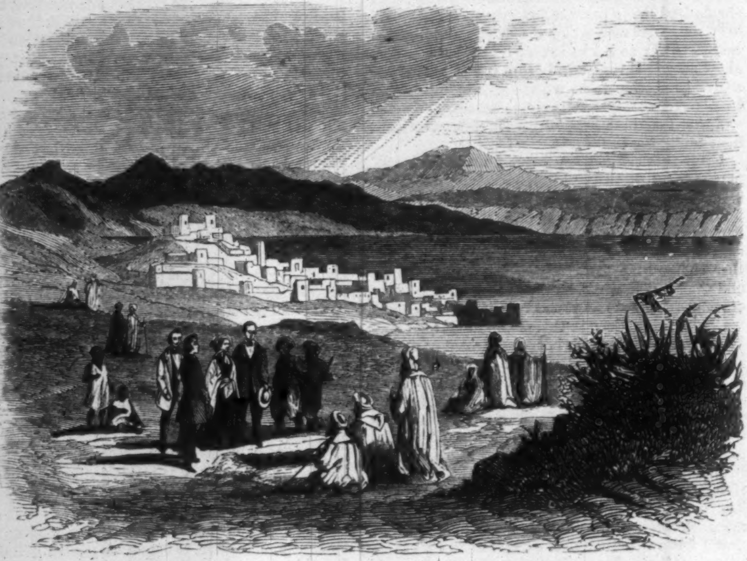
WE left Nazareth on Thursday morning. Miss Warren revived so much during the early part of the week that it became practicable to effect the removal she so much desired, and we arranged it as well as the rude means at our command would permit. You would, indeed, scarcely think it possible to arrange a removal so comfortably as we did, especially when you reflect on the condition of this miserable country. Our object was to carry an invalid American lady about twenty miles across a country in which roads are unknown, and a wheeled vehicle has not been seen since the days of the chariots of Herod.

You have perhaps heard of the *taktarawan*, or camel-litter. It is of various forms. Sometimes a huge box, covered and curtained, hung on the camel's side, and balanced by the baggage on the other side; sometimes arranged as a tower on his back; and, in the case of wealthy travelers, consisting of a litter with long poles, between which the camels travel, one before and one behind the couch.

Such a taktarawan as this last named we found, and, with some improvements, made into such shape that two stout donkeys could carry it with the light weight of our gentle friend. Then, with two extra donkeys to relieve these bearers, we commenced our slow march. The small but hardy donkeys of the East have an easy gait, and their little feet, scarcely rising two inches from the ground, made no jar of the vehicle, but it went more smoothly than a rail-car.

We formed a mournful procession too. All on horseback except our invalid—you see how I have gotten to calling her *our*. Alas, she is ours now; she belongs to all of us, as all the sainted dead belong to us—dust of our dust, and sharers of our immortality. We rode slowly across the valley, followed by the dark and tender eyes of the Nazareth women, who had learned to love the beautiful Christian girl from far lands, as they had often gazed in on her white face, as she lay with the tent curtain thrown back.

Over the wild rocky hills east of Nazareth, covered with a growth of genuine oak, apparently a fine variety of timber, though not large; through wastes on which lilies grew in splendid profusion, down by the western base of Tabor, which is in fact a spur of the last decline of Lebanon, rising into a segment of a circle on the plain of Esdraelon; then slowly crossing that magnificent upland plain of Galilee, where once the fields of corn grew luxuriant, in which the disciples of the Lord made their Sabbath morning meal, we advanced slowly till sunset. We rested frequently. Once a large party of Bedouins met us, but passed on respectfully and in silence when they learned our sad burden. So the evening came on us, and with it that view which blesses human eyes as no other view of all the scenes this side heaven can bless. The Sea of Galilee lay before us, in calm and glorious beauty, far down in its basin of emerald hills.



BURIAL OF MISS WARREN, NEAR TIBERIAS.

That night we slept in peace, for the voice of Him who spoke peace to those waters was still sounding over them. Believe me there is no spot on earth where that voice lingers with such sublime calm as here. All things remember it. The skies re-echo it; the murmur of the waves repeats it; the crumbling walls of old Tiberias seem to hear it, and, repenting the wars and bitter strifes they have so long been memorials of—for there is no other association with Tiberias than those only of the battles of Rome and later battles of the contending armies of the Cross and Crescent—repenting their old turmoil, sink into the dust around them, falling quietly into ruin. And when the stars are on the sea, and the voice of the winds is hushed, and the low murmur of the ripple, forever whispering "Peace, peace," is the only earthly sound on land or in the air—at such a moment, I say, believe me, there is no other spot of earth so near heaven; no place so fit to die in—so fit to go from into the green fields of the upper country—to pass over to the banks of the still waters. I thought that first night, as I lay on the shore of the sea and looked out over its blue and starlit surface, that it was verily a part of the river of eternal waters, and that those dim hills in the distance, around whose summits a radiance was lingering that was somewhat like our feeble conceptions of heaven, were the hills of His everlasting love! I had but to enter its waves, and float away on them, to find myself approaching the banks where the white-robed walk with palms in their hands and songs of triumph on their lips.

Even so gently as that, floating away on the sea of His love and mercy, did Alice Warren die.

Saturday night she was fast failing. None of us slept. It was a warm night—not hot—but a delicious air stole over the sea. The tent-door was thrown open and the side curtains turned back, so that the entire eastern side of her tent was open to the shore. The water of the lake rippled within twenty feet of the canvas, and the old moon, some days past the full, rose at midnight over the hills of Bethulia, shedding a new lustre on the surface of the sea.

I shall not attempt to describe to you the solemn yet grand scene that we have passed through. To stand on the shores of Gennesaret, and see one like her depart from the land of His weary footprints into the land of His glory; to witness the accomplishment of the blessing on the pure in heart uttered by His lips on one of these hill-sides, as we saw one of the pure go forth to see God; to see an angel winning at last her wings of light, a seraph gaining at last the perfect tones of the songs of Seraphim; to hear again, in tones of melody hitherto but imagined, the voice that sounded of old on the Sea of Galilee, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest;" to see the sea of life, troubled and sorrowfully clouded, grow calm as the "Peace, be still!" of His command was audible again above it—all this was ours, but it can not be yours who read these lines.

When she heard that voice at length bidding her come, there was a radiance on her countenance that made it ten-fold more holy than it had always seemed. She looked out on the sea, and spoke in a few words of her delight at reaching this place to die; and then whispering in her mother's ear words that were meant for no other—words that have immortal music and comfort to a mother's heart—she turned to all of us, and said "Good-by" as quietly as if she were but going across the water for a day. Then she folded her hands and prayed; and then her lips uttered, in low notes, the words of a hymn we had sung a few days ago:

"One army of the living God,
At His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now!"

And then she was silent a little space—and then—and then—.

What was it then, oh doubtful, faithless man! who neither in thought nor in the flesh hast followed the footsteps of the Lord—what then?

Think you it was all a dream, a fancy, a phantasy, that as we stood there silent, breathless around her couch—father, mother, friends, and servants—we heard a voice from heaven saying, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted?" and yet another voice, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord?"

She lies in the tent yonder, a statue of exceeding beauty. To-morrow we will bury her. The people of the town of Tiberias—Jews, Christians, and Turks—have been very kind, and have offered all the attentions their poverty enables them to. An hour ago the Jewish Rabbi-in-chief was here to proffer a burial-place among the dead of his kindred; and the Greek priest, an ignorant, but apparently a worthy man, came after him, to say that his people would not object that this our beautiful clay should lie among dust that rested in their faith. But we have chosen a spot on the hill-side above the sea, where she can lie and moulder to the dust, for she expressly forbade her parents to move her from holy soil; and here, in the resurrection, among the dead of ancient days, who heard not the voice of the Master when he spoke in earthly tones, reproaching with her holy face the men of Bethsaida and Capernaum, our child will stand up an angel.

I close my letter in the saddest yet the holiest evening that can be imagined. Our Bedouins are as sorrowful as we. Every man of them would have died for Alice Warren. As for John Steenburger, his grief, like my own, is calm, deep, and will be lasting. Our meeting with this little party at Jaffa, our pleasant days in Jerusalem, our gallop over the hills to Samaria, all have this sad ending in laying this beautiful girl in the earth of Galilee.

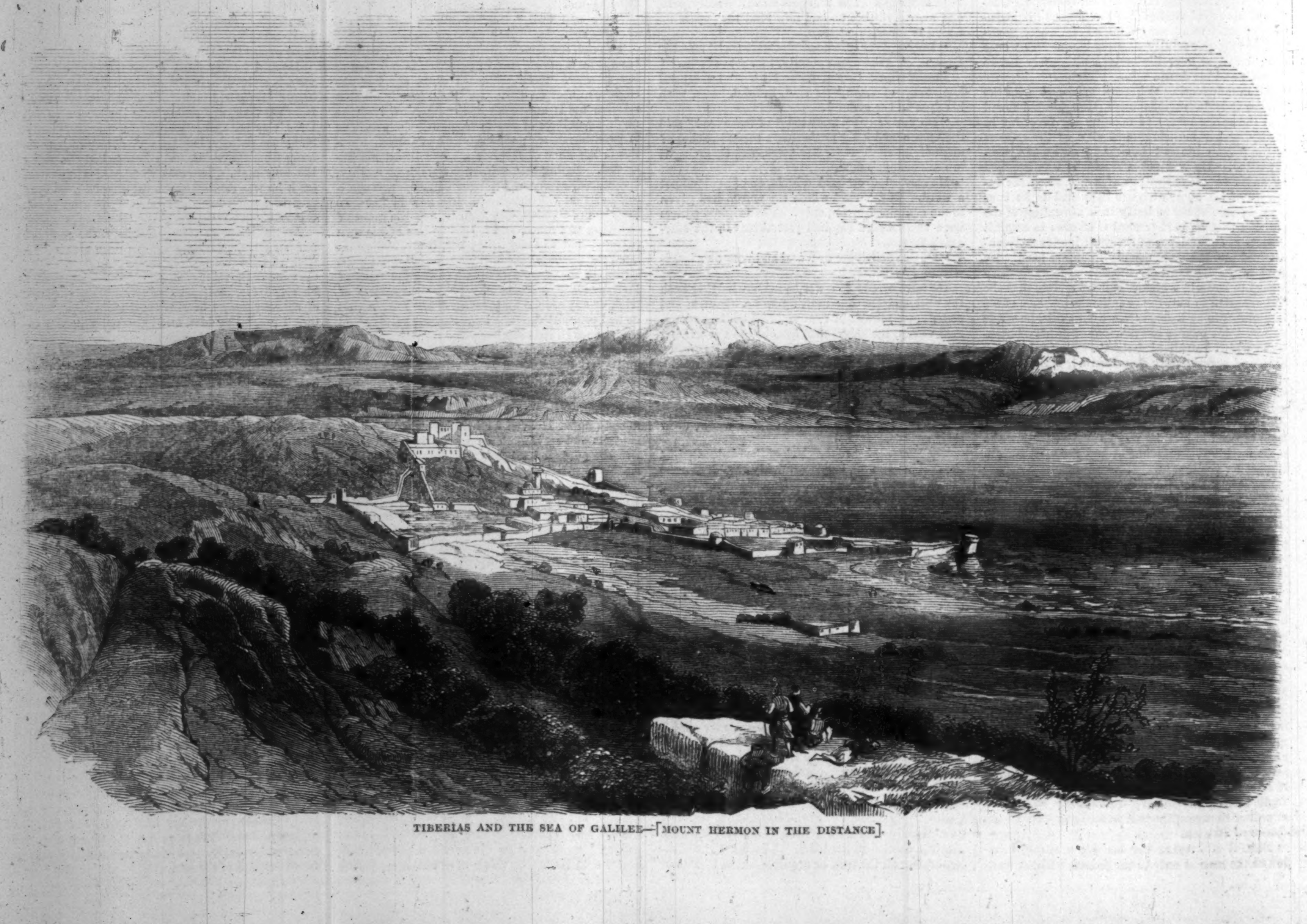
Sweeter sleep or holier resting-place surely none could wish.

P.S.—We have buried our dead. The day was a sad one, as you will readily believe. The morning sun came up over the hills of the Gadarenes, and we sat all together, silent, solemn, bowed down with the weight of our grief.

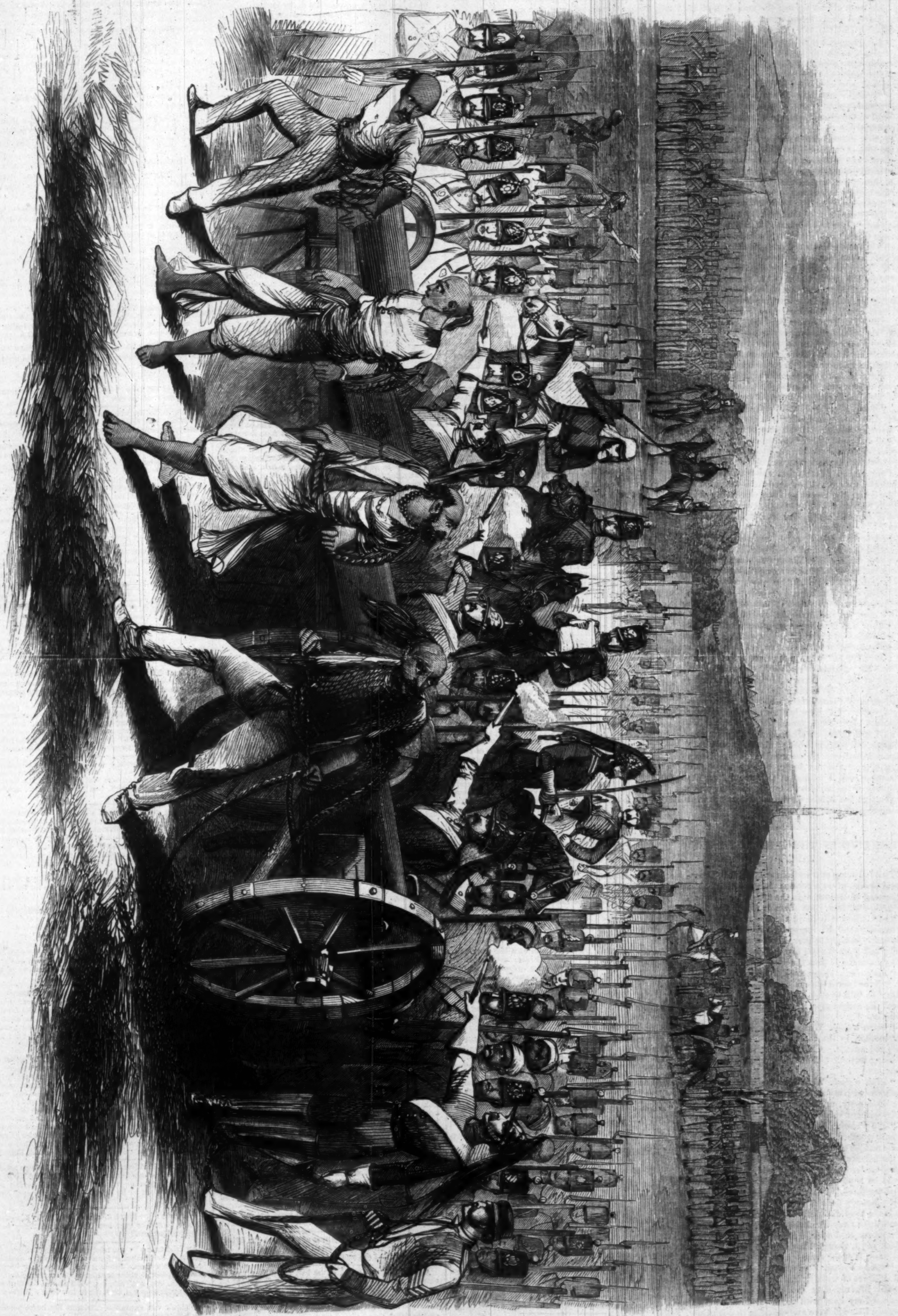
Had there but been a voice like that which sounded at Nain—a voice to speak our dead into life again! We were in the land of miracles; why would not one be again performed for our sakes? But there was no voice—only the sea forever murmuring "Peace, be still!"

SEPOYS BLOWN FROM THE GUNS.

THE story of the great East Indian rebellion, in all its particulars—the enormity of the crime as well as of its punishment—may never be fully told. When Delhi shall fall—as fall it must, if there be any faith in human energy, resolution, and power—who shall paint the scene? Murder, rapine, plunder—horrors which shall rival those committed by the Sepoys themselves—an infuriated, unrestrained soldiery, mad for revenge—a burning



TIBERIAS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE—[MOUNT HERMON IN THE DISTANCE].



PREPARING TO BLOW THE SEPOYS FROM THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

city—a mass of blackened ruins, left to tell where the ancient capital of an ancient dynasty once stood! This will be the picture. But the details! We may well conjecture that *they* will find no parallel in history. We can discern already the shadow of coming events in the terrible spirit of revenge by which every Englishman in India, high or low, is animated. In our illustration we have represented the penalty inflicted in some districts on mutinous Sepoys. They were blown into fragments from the cannon's mouth—a frightful earnest of the future, and calculated, if that be possible, to appal these murderers of women and children, and stay the rebellion which has flashed like lightning over the length and breadth of Hindostan.

A late mail from India brought accounts of two such executions. One took place on the 12th of June, at Peshawur, which was saved from the fate of Meerut and Delhi by the energy of the authorities. The plan of a general rising had been settled, and would have been carried out on the very day upon which the mutineers were disarmed. Forty men were forthwith tried, convicted, and sentenced to be blown from the guns. The execution was a dreadful sight. Three sides of a square were formed by British troops, and in the centre ten guns were planted, pointing outward. In dead silence the decree of the court was read, and this ceremony concluded, a prisoner was bound to each gun—his back placed against the muzzle, and his arms fastened firmly to the wheels. The signal is now given, and the salvo fired. The discharge, of course, cuts the body in two; and human trunks, heads, legs, and arms may be seen for an instant flying about in all directions. As there were only ten guns used on this occasion, the mutilated remains had to be removed four times. All of these forty criminals met their fate with firmness, with the exception of two; and to save time, they were dropped to the ground, and their brains blown out by musketry.

Another execution of a similar nature took place on the 13th of June, at Ferozepore. All the available troops and public establishments were convened to witness the scene. Some of the mutineers were to be hung, and around the gallows, erected during the night previous, the soldiers were drawn up. The mutineers were then brought into the centre, and the proceedings of the general Court-Martial was read. Upon being informed that if they would become Queen's evidence they would be reprieved, twelve of the criminals accepted the offer and were marched to the rear. Two were taken to the gallows. They ascended the ladder with firm steps, and to the last moment betrayed no emotion of fear.

The remaining ten were now led away to the artillery guns, and, while their irons were being struck off, some cried, "Do not sacrifice the innocent for the guilty!" Two others rejoined, "Hold your sniveling; die men and not cowards—you defended your religion, why then do you crave your lives? Sahibs! they are not Sahibs, they are dogs!" Others then began to upbraid their commanding officer. The wretched beings were quickly fastened to the muzzles of ten guns, charged with blank cartridge. The commanding officer directed portfires to be lit. "Ready!" "Fire!" and the drama was played out. An eye-witness says: "The scene and stench were overpowering. I felt myself terribly convulsed, and could observe that the numerous native spectators were awe-stricken—that they not only trembled like aspen-leaves, but also changed into unnatural hues. Precaution was not taken to remove the sponge-and-load men from the muzzles of the guns; the consequence was that they were greatly bespattered with blood, and one man in particular received a stunning blow from a shivered arm!"

Such is the mode of punishment which the British authorities in India have adopted in the present alarming crisis. Horrible as this punishment is, it can not be regarded as cruel and inhuman when we consider the crime and the emergency. As a spectacle, it is shocking and revolting—one which few would seek to witness; but to the victim death must be instantaneous, and this mode of execution is as merciful as any other could be. It is advocated on the ground that while it strikes the native with awe, it is not regarded by him as an indignity, and is not, therefore, calculated to inflame his religious prejudices. When two mutineers of the 35th Native Light Infantry were blown in the same manner from the guns, Brigadier-General Chamberlain, addressing that regiment, said: "You have just seen two men of your regiment blown from guns. This is the punishment I will inflict on all traitors, and your consciences will tell you what punishment they may expect hereafter. These men have been blown from a gun, and not hung, because they were Brahmins, and I wished to save them from the pollution of the hangman's touch, and thus prove to you that the British Government does not wish to injure your caste and religion."

HIGH LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE following extract from an old MS. in Drummond Castle, gives a curious picture of the habits of persons of distinction in the fifteenth century:

"*Monday, March 9th.* Rose at four o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows; Rachel, the other dairymaid, having scalded her hand in so bad a manner the night before. Made a poultice for Rachel; and gave Robert a penny to get her something comfortable from the apothecary's.

"*Six o'clock.* The buttock of beef too much boiled, and the beer a little of the stalest. Memorandum: To talk to cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

"*Seven o'clock.* Went to walk with the lady, my mother, in the court-yard. Fed twenty-five men and women. Chided Robert severely for expressing some ill-will at attending us with broken meat.

"*Eight o'clock.* Went into the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy. Caught Thump, the little pony, myself; and rode a matter of six miles without saddle or bridle.

"*Ten o'clock.* Went to dinner. John Grey, a comely youth. But what is that to me? A virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little; stole a great many tender looks at me, and said, 'Women never could be handsome, in his opinion, who were not good-tempered.' I hope my temper is not intolerable. Nobody finds fault with it but Roger; and he is the most disorderly serving-man in our family. John Grey likes white teeth. My teeth are of a pretty good color, I think; and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it; and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

"*Eleven o'clock.* Rose from table; the company all desirous of walking in the fields. John Grey would lift me over every stile; and twice he squeezed my hand with great vehemence. I can not say I should have any objection to John Grey. He plays at prison-bars as well as any country gentleman; and he never misses church on Sundays.

"*Three o'clock.* Poor Farmer Robinson's house burned down by an accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription for the benefit of the farmer, and gave no less than four pounds himself with this benevolent intent. Memorandum: Never saw him look so handsome as at that moment.

"*Four o'clock.* Went to prayers.

"*Six o'clock.* Fed the hogs and the poultry.

"*Seven o'clock.* Supper on the table: delayed in consequence of Farmer Robinson's misfortune. Memorandum: The goose pie too much baked, and the pork roasted to rags.

"*Nine o'clock.* The company fast asleep. These late hours very disagreeable. Said my prayers a second time; John Grey distracting my thoughts too much the first time. Fell asleep, and dreamed of John Grey."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A RAW Irishman, on his first sight of a locomotive, declared it was the devil. "No," said his companion, "it's only a steamboat hunting for wather."

People frequently reject great truths, not so much for want of evidence as for want of an inclination in search for it.

Pope, when he first saw Garrick act, observed: "I'm afraid that the young man will be spoiled, for he will have no competitor."

Foote once asked a man without a sense of tune in him: "Why are you forever humming that tune?" "Because it haunts me," was the reply. "No wonder," said Foote; "you are forever murdering it."

"Ginger?" "Sah!" "When am dat great race to come off dat dar is so much talk about?" "What great race? I habent heard of any great race." "De great human race, dat is to come off afore long."

A French wit said of a man who was exceedingly fat that "Nature only made him to show how far the human skin could stretch without breaking."

The New York *Day Book* says that there is a married lady in this city who enjoys the luxury of one hundred and twenty dresses, twenty-nine of which are mourning dresses.

DOMESTIC POULTRY.—"Allow me," said Arthur, looking pleadingly at Angelica, the other morning at breakfast, "allow me to send you a little duck. Unless," he timidly added in a half whisper, "that it is like sending coals to Newcastle." The little duck answered that he was a great goose, but did not altogether look as if she thought so.

REMARK BY A DISGUSTING OLD BACHELOR.—There is one art which the use of these unmanageable Crinolines is likely to teach the women of England, and that is—Petticoat Government.

"How very easy 'tis," cries Tom, "to write;
I find't no hardship verses to indite."
"To credit that," quoth Dick, "no oaths we need;
The hardship is for *those who have to read.*"

"You see how bald I am, and I don't wear a wig." "True, Sir," replied the servant, "an empty barn requires no thatch!"

Good sense is an excellent tapestry, which gives wonderful satisfaction when properly displayed and exhibited.

A St. Louis paper tells a good story of a couple of sportsmen, who, while on a gunning expedition, wandered into one of the counties of Illinois, and commenced an onslaught on the game out of season, and against the statute in such case made and provided. They were hauled up before a "Squire," an old soldier of the war of 1812, and a strict temperance man to boot—to answer for the offense, when one of them thus "pulled the wool over his eyes:" "May it please the court (as the word court was mentioned the Squire adjusted his spectacles, crammed his thumbs in the arm-holes of his shirt and tried to look dignified), what are we arrested for? For doing what? Disobeying a foolish and outrageous law, framed by a gang of drunken loafers, who know nothing about the Constitution of the United States or the Declaration of Independence. That sacred document, revered by every pure patriot, and by every noble soldier who has fought, bled, and died for his country,—that is, might have died—guarantees to every citizen 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' We were in the pursuit of happiness, within the meaning of the Declaration of Independence, which is higher law, in the estimation of all pure patriots and old soldiers (the Squire's eyes began to dance with excitement, as the speaker continued to allude to old soldiers and the Declaration of Independence), than a law framed by the loafers who meet at Springfield every two years, to play poker and drink rot-gut." The Squire interrupts the speaker: "Ken you show that ar passage in the Declaration which says wat you hev jist sed 'bout pursuit of happiness?" "Certainly I can," said the speaker, picking up a copy of the Revised Statutes, and pointing it out. The Squire examined it and said: "Mr. Constable discharge the prisoner, 'kase I don't believe in the new-fashioned laws they make nowadays. Give me the good old laws of Washington and Revolutioners, for it certainly is a great happiness to shoot them 'ere pesky birds that eat up the farmer's corn."

An elderly Pennsylvanian woman with her daughter, looking at the marble statue of Girard, in the College building, the other day, startled the by-standers by exclaiming, "La, Sally, how white he was!"

An Irish woman, who had been convicted of illegally selling spirits, on receiving sentence, fervently clasped her hands and prayed that "his Honor might never live to see his wife a poor widow, and obliged to sell rum to support the childer."

An honest Jonathan from the interior, on his visit to the metropolis, was awakened one night by hearing the cry of "Oyst! buy any oysters?" in the mellifluous tones of a vendor of the luscious shell-fish, who was passing under the window of the hotel. A noise so new to him startled him, and he asked his room-mate what it meant.

"It's only oysters," replied his fellow-lodger, pettishly.

"Oysters!" exclaimed Jonathan, in astonishment; "and do oysters holler as loud as that?"

'Tis said that on Columbia's soil
There is no Aristocracy,
And that the Noble Sons of Toil
Are all the Noble Men that we
Upon Columbia's soil can see.

If so, a question I would ask:
How is it, when the day is fled,
And languid by my weary task,
I seek to rest my aching head,
That Big Bugs drive me from my bed?

Ornamental fret-work—the eyes of your beloved after she has been crying.

Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purpose of craft or design to answer can not submit to drill himself. The more successful knaves are usually of this description, as smooth as razors and as sharp.

We once heard an old, red-faced doctor say, that he never in his life knew a man to die of drinking. "Some puny things," said he, "die of learning to drink, but no man ever dies of drinking."

"You would be the man of the age," said Curran to Grattan, "if you would only arrange and tie up your papers."

BEAUTY IN THE DARK.

While in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard that tempting siren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured!
But when the candle entered I was cured.

Did you ever travel in an omnibus on a rainy day, windows and doors closed, eight on a side, limited of course to six, and among that number two women covered with musk? "Drivare," said a Frenchman, "let me come out of ze dore; I am suffocate! You 'ave vat you call one musty rat in ze omzebus. I 'ave no paraplui, mais I prefer ze rain water, to ze mauvais smell."

"Don't you think we've got the dearest minister in the world?" said Laurina, as she was spending an afternoon at Mrs. Partington's. Mrs. Partington's mind sailed back majestically in review of many ministers who had officiated in the Old North, before she replied: "This is the dearest one, by a heap of money, dear; and if ministers is to be considered good according to their market valley, he is the best." "Don't you like his preaching?" said the young lady, cutting the drift of the old lady's remark like a snow plow; "I think he is divine. He's so flowery, and his description so graphic that while listening we can almost hear the sound of water and see the growing herbage." She was very enthusiastic, and the subject called out all her eloquence. "Yes, he is very fluid," replied the dame, "I know—very watery,—and I've noticed the verbiage also, but I don't think he comes up quite to some of our old pastures in point of real strength. Why, Dr. Verbal used to preach a sermon three hours long, and then have a lectur in the evening, which was well giving us our money's worth. But all to their taste, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow." She relapsed into a chair and the conversation turned on other subjects. The question is, Did the old lady allude to kiss her cow, and did she make any such remark?

A rustic poet sends to an exchange the following poem on a "Squirl," remarking that he is aware the last line is a *little too long*, which he says is not *his* fault:

"The Squirl Am a very Nice bird,
And has a bushy tale,
He sometimes sits Opon a lim,
And sometimes On A rale,
And Gethers nuts in The Sumer So that
his Winter stock won't fail."

En-me-ga-bowh, a civilized Chippewa Indian, has been visiting St. Paul, Minnesota Territory; and communicating the result of his observations to the St. Paul *Advertiser*, he says, "I saw curious things in almost every store; they resembled an owl's head. I soon found out that they were under-garments of the white man's squaws. The dresses of the squaws are full, and almost cover the entire sidewalk streets, and on walking myself on the streets, and when meeting the ladies, I have to give way, for fear I might bend or set out of order the iron or wooden hoops."

A Georgia negro was riding a mule along, and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped. "I'll bet you a quarter," said Jack, "I'll make you go over dis bridge," and with that he gave the mule a blow over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. "You take de bet den," said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn animal over the bridge. "I won dat quarter, anyhow," said Jack.

"But how will you get your money?" said a man, close by, unperceived.

"To-morrow," said Jack, "massa gib a dollar to get corn, and I take a quarter out."

A chorister of a country church lately made a sad mistake in the choice of a tune, there being a long *slur* in it, which came directly upon an unfortunate word, which produced a startling effect, namely:

"With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow-wow-wow before the Lord."

It has been observed with much significance, that every morning we enter upon a new day, carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. How pregnant and stirring the reflection! Thoughts may be born to-day which may never be extinguished. Hope may be excited to-day which may never expire. Acts may be performed to-day the consequence of which may not be realized till eternity.

A grocer who, naturally enough for his trade, had retired on a plum—being the reverse of one making many, since in this case many plums had made one—took a literary turn to amuse himself in his retirement. One day, at table, some commercial gentlemen mentioned the town of Stockton-upon-Tees. "Bless me," said the grocer, "I never heard of that work before; I should certainly like to read Stockton upon Teas." Bent upon satisfying his literary taste, he took his way to the nearest bookseller and inquired for the work, handing him the name of the book carefully written thus: "Stockton upon Teas." "There is no such book—never heard of it," said the bookseller. To satisfy the grocer, he looked over his catalogue. "No," said the man of books, "no such a work here, and I'm sure you won't find it any where. There is a city called "Stockton-upon-Tees—perhaps it is that you mean?" The man of ounces and pounds vamosed—a ray of light broke upon him—the first that had invaded his plodding cranium since he stood behind the counter. The man belonged to the genus Codfish.

Mrs. Partington says there must be some sort of kin between poets and pullets, for they are always chanting their lays.

The Buffalo *Express* tells a good story of a Quaker who was charged the exorbitant sum of seventeen dollars for a horse and buggy for a short drive, and upon being presented with the bill, simply remarked—"Thou mistakest me. I do not wish to purchase thy establishment, but only to hire it."

Bridget was sick, and good Jemmy thought a little whisky punch the best physic she could burden her stomach with; so says he: "Biddy avourneen, do swallow a drop of punch. If you are bothered with worms or bile, it'll take the consait out of thim, and make you stand straight on your own two purty feet like a respectable crature as you are!" Bridget—"Och, Jemmy! sure you know I have the pledge, and I wouldn't for the world break it, avic." Jemmy—"Now akishla! let me run over to Mr. Mullowner's and get the materials to make you a fine timpting bowl of it." Bridget—"Sure you know I'd go through fire and water to do your biddin', Jemmy, but look at the disgrace it u'd be to smash the pledge. I won't take it, Jemmy, so I won't." Jemmy—"Arrah woman, don't be palaverin' me wid yer wakeness; sure it's betther for ye nor pills and physic, and don't cost a quarter as much, besides it'll stay on your stomach like new milk, and twice as strengthenin' at that. Come, will I go?" Bridget—"No, not a fut! I won't be disobadient to the promise I made, for all yer fine raisonin'. But Jemmy, ye may go and get a few bits of white sugar, and a limon—and while yer there, ye can bring the cruiskeen wid ye and fill it wid whisky, and when you come back, ye may put on the taykettle and boil a drop of water, and ye may as well put in the limon—and the whisky—and make a good bowl of punch, and thin come and *make me take it*, Jemmy!"

LOTHARIO. "Ah! dearest Anna, of your love I'm dying,
And at your feet I lie—"
ANNE. "—I see you're lying."

A fellow being brought to the bar, some time ago, to answer for a misdemeanor, told his prosecutor that he could convict him of being both a thief and a murderer. Upon being required to prove his assertion, "Why," said he, "you ugly villain, you killed a monkey and stole his countenance."

A queer case of absence of mind happened to a violinist, at an evening party where he was invited to play. After having played a great many tunes, a lady, one of the company present, asked him if he could play a certain difficult air; whereupon, having tried in vain to recall it to his memory, he turned round with great composure and said, "*Will the lady please to whistle it?*"

An Occurrence is said to have taken place when two engines come in collision, and there are only two or three passengers killed and five wounded. *An Accident:* When ten passengers are killed and fifteen wounded. *A Terrible Accident:* When the engine is disabled, the luggage van smashed, and some—it don't make much difference how many—of the passengers are thrown off life's track. *A Heart-rending Calamity:* When actions are brought and damages recovered against the Company for some of the lives lost, and limbs broken, in consequence of a train running over an embankment, or plunging into a river. *A Truly Awful Catastrophe:* When, in addition to the disagreeable features of the foregoing repeated, the life of a Director of the line is endangered, and its Chairman's arm is slightly contused.

Mr. John Smith, of London, has discontinued eating crabs, as he had eaten them so long that every thing he undertook went backward. He had a brother who dug a well till he found he was *getting down in the world*, when he gave up the business and turned lamp-lighter. He then looked up a little.

"My eyes, Jack," exclaimed a tar, seeing a soldier chained to a cannon-ball for punishment, "if there ain't a soldier at anchor!"

During the Dorr war in Rhode Island, a bill was brought in to "organize the army." This aroused from sleep an old man in one corner, who represented a town in the west part of the State. "Mr. Speaker," says he, "I tell you I am decidedly opposed to organizing the army, as you call it. Our forefathers fit through the Revolution with nothing but a drum and fife, and come off first best too. I go agin *organs.* They'll be dreadful onhandy things in battle, now I tell you." This was irresistible, and old "Aunt Rhody's army" remains un*organ*ized to this day.

A sailor being asked how he liked his bride, is reported to have remarked, "Why, d'ye see, I took her for to be only half of me, as the parson says; but dash me if she isn't twice as much as I am. I'm only a tar, and she's a tar-tar."

A man carrying a cradle was stopped by an old woman, and thus accosted:

"So, Sir, you have got some of the fruit of matrimony?"

"Softly, old lady," said he, "you mistake; this is merely the fruit-basket."

"Snigglethrifts, will you have some of the butter?"

"Thank you, madam; I belong to the Temperance Society, and can't take any thing strong."

"Annette, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?"

"Don't know, Sir."

"Well, now," said the perplexed teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?"

"Out of the hole, Sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph at having solved the great question.

"Mother, this book tells about the 'angry waves of the ocean.' Now what makes the ocean get angry?"

"Because it has been *crossed* so often, my son."

"Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be."

"No, she left that off, and has become confoundedly ex-pensive."

A darkey having been in California, thus speaks of his introduction to San Francisco: "As soon as dey landed in de riber, dar moufs began to water to be on land, and soon dey waded to the shore; dey didn't see any gold, but dey found such a supply of nuffin to eat, dat dar gums crackled like baked clay in de brick-yard."

Betsey, in the play of "The World's a Mask," says she can no more stand all the kissing in the family than she can all the washing.

To Punch belongs the credit of the following: "Roman Cement.—The French army; for it has been sticking in Rome now ever so long, and the Pope finds it impossible to remove it."

The editor of an Ohio paper, says their town presents quite a lively appearance this spring; the "fence" has been taken away from around the place and about half the inhabitants have "escaped" to Iowa, and the balance are too poor to get away.

The Boston *Journal* states, that a day or two since, a gentleman, who had just entered Woodlawn avenue, in Malden, met a sailor, of whom he inquired the direction to Woodlawn Cemetery, and received for an answer—"*Dead ahead.*"

A young man desirous of marrying the daughter of a well-known merchant, after many attempts to broach the subject to the old gentleman, in a very stuttering manner said: "Mr. O——, are you willing to le-le-let me have your daughter Jane?"—"Of course I am," gruffly and quickly replied the old man; "and I wish you would get some other likely fellows to marry the rest of them."

A man may with truth be said to make a false step in life when he mistakes the cellar stairs for those leading to the chambers, on retiring to bed.

A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels bathed in the exhilarating spring. It turns the prose of our life into poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are traveling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of mortality.

A brave, veteran officer, reconnoitering a battery which it was necessary to storm, laconically answered the engineers, who were endeavoring to dissuade him from the attempt: "Gentlemen, you may say and think what you please; all I know is, that the American flag must be hoisted on the ramparts to-morrow morning, for I have the order in my pocket."

The model lady puts her children out to nurse and tends lapdogs; lies in bed till noon; wears paper-soled shoes; pinches her waist; gives the piano fits; forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her poor relations; goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his "friend;" never saw a thimble; don't know a darning-needle from a crow-bar; eats ham and eggs in private, and dines on a pigeon's leg in public; runs mad after the last new fashion; dotes on Byron; and adores any man who grins behind a mustache; and when asked the age of her youngest child, replies: "Don't know, indeed; ask Betty!"

The Detroit *Advertiser* has discovered a *new sense* in which the *new cents* are a *nuisance*—the bird looks like a carrier pigeon on various *new cents*, bearing *news hence;* but then as he is *one sent*, it is a proper device for *one cent.*

We have often heard of a man "being in advance of his age," but who ever heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

An Irishman who was lately sent to the House of Correction in South Boston for a year, was set to work in a blacksmith's shop. Finding the labor rather hard, he asked Captain Robbins to change his employment.

"Faith, Captain," said he, "if I should have to work this way for a *year*, I shall die in less than a *fortnight!*"

"Didn't you guarantee, Sir, that the horse wouldn't shy before the fire of an enemy?" "No more he won't. 'Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said,
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed
At ten o'clock A.M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, September* 21, 1857.

The Wholesale Produce Markets were somewhat unsettled during the week. Breadstuffs were in lively request at improved prices, up to Saturday, when they attracted less attention, closing heavily and languidly. We quote: Ordinary to extra State Flour $5 50 @ $5 90; Superfine to fancy Western do. $5 40 @ $5 80; fancy to extra Genessee do. $5 90 @ $8 00; extra Western do. $5 70 @ $8 50; ordinary superfine to extra Canadian do. $5 45 @ $7 15; mixed to choice extra Southern do. $5 60 @ $8 00; fine to superfine Rye Flour $4 00 @ $5 25; Corn Meal $4 15 @ $4 20 for Jersey, and $4 40 @ $4 50 for Brandywine, per barrel. Wheat closes at $1 30 @ $1 55 for White, and $1 05 @ $1 35 for Red, per bushel. Corn leaves off at 80 c. for mixed Western per bushel. Rye at 80 @ 85 c. per bushel. Barley at 90 @ 95 c. per bushel. Oats are dull and heavy at 50 @ 52 c. for Western; 49 @ 51 c. for State; 40 @ 44 c. for Jersey; 45 @ 53 c. for Canadian; 38 @ 42 c. for Pennsylvania; and 36 @ 40 c. for Southern, per bushel. Cotton is quiet at old prices. Provisions are less sought after, and prices lean strongly in favor of buyers. We now quote: Mess Pork $25 00 @ $25 25; Prime do. $19 50 @ $20 00, per barrel; Hams 12 @ 12½ c.; Shoulders 11 @ 11½ c.; Smoked Bacon 14½ @ 15 c.; Lard 14 @ 14½ c., per pound; Repacked Western Mess Beef $16 00 @ $17 25; Beef Hams $22 00 @ $22 50, per barrel; common to choice State Butter 17 @ 25 c.; Cheese 7 @ 9½ c., per pound. Groceries are less active, and prices favor buyers. The first hogshead of new crop Louisiana Sugar reached New Orleans on the 1st inst. No important change in other articles.

The Live Stock Market was a shade easier for Beeves, Milch Cows, Sheep and Lambs, and Swine, these having been more freely offered than they were required by buyers. Veal Calves were in better request, and on the advance.

The Country Produce Markets exhibit no very important changes in regard to supply, demand, or prices.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 50	@	$5 00
Blackberries, per 100 quart boxes	$25 00	@	—
Whortleberries, per bushel	$1 50	@	$2 00
Peaches, per basket	$1 50	@	$3 25
Plums, per bushel	$3 50	@	$5 00
Pears, common to good, per barrel	$1 50	@	$5 00
" prime to extra, per barrel	$6 00	@	$14 00
Potatoes, new, per barrel	$1 50	@	$3 00
" sweet, per barrel	$2 50	@	$3 25
Onions, new, per 100 bunches	$3 00	@	$4 00
" per barrel	$1 35	@	$2 00
Turnips, new, per barrel	50	@	$1 50
Tomatoes, per basket	25	@	37
Squashes, new, per barrel	$1 25	@	$1 50
Watermelons, per 100	$8 00	@	$15 00
Beets, per 100 bunches	$1 50	@	$2 25
Cucumbers, per 100	44	@	50
Cabbages, per 100	$2 00	@	$4 00
Cauliflowers, per dozen	87	@	$1 00
Chicory, per 100	75	@	$1 00
Parsnips, per dozen bunches	37	@	—
Carrots, per 100 bunches	$1 75	@	$2 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	75	@	$2 00
Beans, per basket	37	@	—
" per bushel	50	@	65
Corn, per 100 ears	50	@	75
" Sweet, per 100 ears	50	@	75
Leeks, per 100	$3 00	@	—
Celery, per 100	$1 25	@	—
Garlic, per 100	$7 00	@	—
Peppers, per 100	37	@	50
Cranberries, per barrel	$5 50	@	$6 50
Butter, Western, per pound	14	@	19
" State, per pound	17	@	25
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	15½
" Western, per dozen	8	@	12
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Live Fowls, per pair	75	@	87½
Ducks, per pair	75	@	$1 25
Turkeys, per pound	20	@	22
Geese, each	$1 00	@	$1 50
Pigeons, Squab, per dozen	$1 50	@	$1 65
" wild, per dozen	63	@	75
Woodcock, per dozen	$3 75	@	$4 50
Beef, per pound	6	@	9
Mutton, per pound	6½	@	9½
Lamb, per pound	7	@	10
Veal, per pound	8	@	10
Pork, per pound	8½	@	10

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY
RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE, THAT,
ON THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER,
THEY WILL COMMENCE THE ISSUE OF
THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

They will aim to furnish the reading public a new source of amusement and instruction, and to give to authors a new and independent vehicle of thought.

The current literature, and the prominent questions of the day, will receive due attention; while, at the same time, no pains will be spared to present an attractive miscellany of tales, sketches, and poetry, from the best writers.

Among other contributors, they are permitted to name the following, from whom articles may be expected:

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Author of 'Doctor Antonio,' &c.,
SHIRLEY BROOKS,
Author of 'Aspen Court,' &c.,
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Author of 'Singleton Fontenoy.'

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